

SECRET

M A G A Z I N E

Issue N°13

**Stockings
& High Heels**

**The psychology
of Rubber**

**The international
Fetish Scene**

**Who was
Vanessa Duriès?**

**Illustrations by
Antonio Biella
Gernot & Bishop**

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& Fetish**

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Shoots Karin Wit**

**Manual
for Slaves II**

**The ordeals
of obedience**

**Photos by
Peter DaSilva
Efraïn Gonzales
Jacques Leurquin
Christophe Mourthé**

Secret Magazine N°13 - December 1997 - Price: 500BF - 17.5US\$ - 25DM



FETISH PHOTO ANTHOLOGY

volume

2

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Photo & cover by Peter DaSilva.

EDITORIAL

Starting Secret Magazine back in 1990 seemed like a good thing to do. Well we're still running. Seven years earlier, aware of what was going on around us, we opened our fetish store. In fact we started the store because we couldn't find the clothing we wanted here in Brussels, which forced us to go shopping in London all the time. When my customers started asking me "Where do I find a Mistress?" or "Do you know of a good slave?", it was time for Secret.

My philosophy was simple. I would publish a fanzine where everybody could insert a small ad, for free so they could find what they were looking for. I would gather information on where, what and how and publish this all mixed with some suitable images. All this was done by hand, pasting with bromides and laserprints. My first issue was just 1000 copies and was sold out in 3 weeks time. It worked! At first it was just in French. Then people started asking for a translation. So I did that too. It was a limited edition, hand numbered, 1000 copies. Then I noticed from the mail that Secret was reaching a different kind of readership than other kinky/fetish magazines were. Because of Belgian law I was also allowed to print pictures other magazines didn't dare to print. My cocktail of information, non-commercial attitude was my strength and by doing everything alone, I wasn't depending on anybody.

Now, after all these years, I have switched over to computer scanning and layout, set up the internet site, but the idea is still the same. We are here for you, to help you find what you want, give free information, objective articles and print professional photography.

Some of you think Secret is a big team with art directors, secretaries, layout specialists, and so on. Well, hell no! There is me, and there is you, my readers and there are some of you that send me articles, pictures, poetry, information and so on, so I can put everything together. I read hundreds of magazines, books, review video's and scan the world for news I haven't heard of, and I just put all this in Secret. I try to support everybody involved in this community, gay, lesbian, hetero... I don't care, as long as you are having fun, and having a good time! That's important, never forget it... I do sometimes.

I know this edition is late.... long overdue... but I will not change my philosophy. So take this issue to your bed and read on, as I think some of it will interest you. And again, if you feel I could improve on certain things, or if you have an idea for an article, don't hesitate to contact me.

Jürgen Boedt
editor

my email: SecretMag@glo.be

I'm a slave of my own creation, but absolute master!

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Layout: Thin White Duke

Contributors to this issue: Mistress Xandria (Redemption), Trevor Watson, Jim Stewart, Kerine Elkins, Jacques Leurquin, Sorayama, Romain Slocombe, Patrice Catanzaro, Christophe Mourthé, Victor Curtis, Peter DaSilva, Dexter C. Herron, Bishop (HOM), Juan Carlos Gimeno, 4F (R.F. van Koert), Gernot, Joost van Hommelen, Lou Nigro, Touchable, Frank Sinclair, Efraïn Gonzales, Trevor Jacques, Jay Wiseman, Etienne Braun, Karin Wit, Delvalle, Chris Richardson, Housk Randall - Goddard, Kazuki Suzuki, Veruca, The Legster Society, Peter Mills & Tabby, Jakubowski & Richard Kazan from Masquerade, Michelle Wilson, Antonio Biella, Remy Chevalier, Michele Serchuk, Guy de Pauw, Catherine (Boutique MINUIT), Marie MFS, Sylvie, Fakir Musafar, and you, our readers, of course! Thank you for your support! (If I forgot somebody, send me a letter and you can spank me....ahum....well, we'll see about that later. OK?

All letters, subscriptions, advertising and information:

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P.O.Box 1400
1000 Brussels 1
Belgium

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News & INFO

by J Jürgen Boedt

Order of Triskelion

The address printed in Issue 11 was the old one, so for all people interested in knowing more about these guys, here's the new one: Runa-Raven, PO Box 557, Smithville, Texas 78957, USA. Their main purpose is the continuing search and deepening of Sadean experiences...

Todd Kaplan Gallery

This famous art gallery, known worldwide for its fine art Photography has moved, and is now located at 170 South La Brea Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90036, USA. Tel: 213.931.2218.

Safer SM

The AIDS committee of Toronto have constructed a pamphlet containing some very useful information to safe, sane and consensual BDSM. Get it at ACT, 399 Church St. 4th Floor, Toronto, Ontario M5B 2J 6, Canada. email: act@hookup.net

Erotic Books

Contains excellent addresses on locating specialized fetish books and magazines. Also, there is an edition of their own collection as well as new and rare prints. Both are five minutes away from each other. Les Larmes D'Eros, 58 Rue Amelot, 75011 Paris; and Media 1000, 122 Rue du Chemin vert, 75011 Paris, France.

Masquerade Books

The biggest little magazine in its field offers you the most adventurous collection of Erotica published in the world. Don't miss it. It's good! Masquerade Books, 801 Second Avenue, New York, NY 10017, USA. Price: US 5\$

Handmaiden

This is the name of a new society for females that are submissive to other females. It includes girls interested in being submissive to Mistresses, and Mistresses interested in looking after naughty girls. Trainings are set up for maids, slave-girls or how to become a grown-up schoolgirl. They also

produce a very nice newsletter which is free to all girls who inquire. It is strictly female only. The Handmaiden Society, BM Empress, London WC1, England. email: embassy@pronews.pro-net.co.uk or tel: 0181.989.0281



Master & Servant Designs

Greeting cards and 100% cotton T-shirts with fantastic fetish prints. The goal of the company is that people should quit hiding their true feelings and passions and quit worrying about what other people say or think. We agree, and these T-shirts look absolutely fabulous. Price around 20 US\$; Contact them: Master & Servant Designs, 12188 Central Ave. # 657, Chino, CA 91710, USA. Email: spankme@master-servant.com and www.master-servant.com.

Erotic Fetish Artgallery

Todd Kaplan is one of the best fetish/erotic art galleries in the USA. 170 South La Brea Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90036, USA. Tel: 213.931.2218

Fruchtig & Artware

They have joined forces and will have an exposition on the 15th until 18th October showcasing the artist Romain Slocombe. At the expo there will be photographs, paintings, his film documentation on the Japanese Nobuyoshi Araki. Additionally, they will present the new book "Japan in Bondage" published by Artware. Galerie Fruchtig, c/o Anette Gloser, Berger Strasse 146, 60385 Frankfurt, Germany and Artware, Taunusstrasse 63 b, 65183 Wiesbaden, Germany.

The HEX Files

The HEX Files did a review of Secret. Being very modest myself here is some of it: "Secret is easily one of the most beautiful magazines I have ever seen. Printed on premier glossy paper, laid out with a delightful simplicity, featuring stunning photography, it is everything anybody connected with the fetish scene would possibly want and makes Skin Two look tacky." Now, thank you very much, HEX Files. Can you send me your address also, so I can you the next issues. Wow! I must be doing something good...

Hurt So Bad

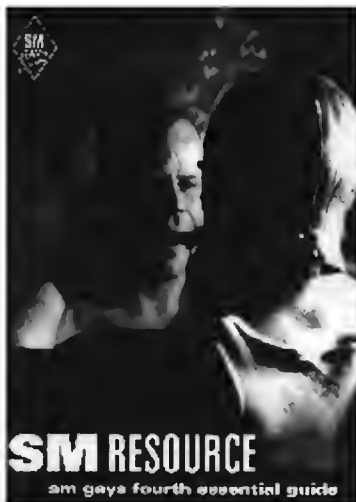
In the New York post, on the 24th of August we could read: Malaysian authorities need to bone up on their sexual perversions. They have announced it will impose a new punishment for practicing sexual deviants. They will be bound and whipped. ~big smile.

All material for review, please send to

Mistress Xandria
P.O.Box 54063
Vancouver, BC
V7Y 1B0, CANADA

She is now a permanent assistant to Secret and will do all reviews. Please change your records. OK?

BOOKS & Magazines & Catalogues



SM Resource

Newly published is this Resource Book, Part 4, with loads of rough sex topics, dozens of raunchy photos and tips for beginners under the broad topic of "first steps into SM". The aim of the SM Gay series of Resource Books is the production of sound material for sadomasochists, from the experienced to the novice, to learn safe SM practices. Learn about SM on the Internet, classic bondage, invasive procedures, first aid for SM'ers taking care of rubber, mummification, piercing, electricity.... This glossy 28 pages book is well worth its 4.50£. SM Gays, BM SM GAYS, London, WC1N 3XX, England.

La Nouvelle Justine

A so-called S&M restaurant opened in New York. It has all the show about it, but lacks efficiency and know-how. You may see a sub getting her bottom lightly spanked, flogged or clobbered, but don't think you can settle in with your gear and start a "real" session. This is a fashion place, for the faint of heart, but the food is good. Check it out and send me your comments: 206 West 23rd Street, New York, NY, USA. Tel: 212.727.8642



Bizarre Rubber by DeMask

It is probably one of the best B/W catalogues ever made in fetish history. The DeMask team, together with the great photographic skills of Housk Randall, have given birth to THE rubber perv catalogue. Dedicated to "Lovers of the bizarre world of Rubber," it is also dedicated to the rubber world of water sports and breath control. Tubes, masks, inflatable bags, inflatable breasts, hoods and dildos are only a few of the extensive range that the DeMask team is showing us. Stylishly designed as a photo book, you almost forget it's a catalogue showing you the almost complete range of DeMask. You will be captured by the women & men revealing an outrageous range of rubber and they will show you that rubber isn't just about "the feel" of it. The games played in rubber are fun, sexy and.... wet. The spirit of the grandfather of rubber, Mr. Brian C. Reed is very much present in the rubber range of DeMask. I wonder if he will get to see it one day...? Steve, have you sent him one? Anyway, this BIZARRE RUBBER collection catalogue is a must and is available from our mail order section in the back of your favorite magazine. Well done Housk Randall, you have shown the world that your photographic skills are among the best in the world. Nobody could have done better... and well done DeMask team, you have now shown the world what rubber is all about, and did it in

the most fantastic way. Some of you will recognize some pictures previously published in the Fetish Photo Anthology volume 2 where Housk Randall was also responsible for the magnificent cover. So if you liked the Anthology, you'll love this one!



Body Jewellery

New piercing catalogue by Body Art in England. Lynn Procter has produced a very informative and explicit catalogue, some of it in colour. The content is very different from other catalogues as it is more of a magazine, with information and FAQ (frequently asked questions) as well as an introduction to piercing, info on female, unisex & male piercings, choosing and using jewelry, guidelines on stores, piercers, etc. In fact you don't have a list of all the body jewelry they sell. Wonderful! Loved it, so it's on sale in our mail order section. Price: US \$10. Send it (cash only please) to Secret, P.O. Box 1400, 1000 Brussels 1, Belgium.





ESCLAVES de CORDE et de METAL

by Robert Chouraqui edited by Alixe. Hard cover art book with some 40 pages in colour. To some of the readers of Secret, his name will not be unfamiliar to you. We were one of the first to publish the pictures of Robert Chouraqui and have supported him in several of his projects. We are even in the discussion of doing a book with him and the metal artwork of Michel Coulon. But more on that later. This art book is a nicely produced and designed compilation of the "girl in bondage" and "girl in metal" pictures. You cannot call it a fashion art book as it presents some of the more "harder" work of Mister Robert Chouraqui. Nipple clamps, robes, chains and some leather are the main accessories which these ladies are "dressed" in. If you are familiar with his work it will surprise you. If you like his work you will adore it. It also shows the different darkroom techniques that Mr. Chouraqui has been developing these last couple of years. Interesting, that's for sure. I have my copy, you can get yours at Media 100, Rue du Chemin vert, 75011 Paris, France.

FETISH CD-ROM

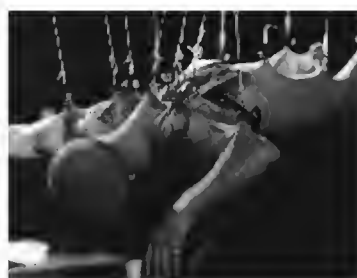
by Eric Kroll
Besides the not very original name, this CD-ROM is quite enjoyable. Besides the fact that there are over 700 full colour pictures, 8 models with complete description, personal interests of the models, Quicktime video's (here I was less impressed.... ahum.) There is a huge amount of pleasant reading, playing and well worth the investment. Available from

Edge Interactive Publishing Inc., P.O. Box 20029, Columbus Circle station, New York, NY 10023, USA. Price: 50 US\$ plus 15 US\$ shipping for overseas customers. email: orders@goedge.com



SELEN

This striking cover by Casotto seized my attention immediately. The contents range from fetish drawings with full story board, Internet information on hot erotic sites, and lot's of underwear and up-the-skirt shots. Argll. It seems somebody at Selen likes to show pictures of panties.... but who doesn't? Even if the text is in Italian, the pictures and stories are good enough to get your attention. They even sell Secret in Italy for us, so that should proof their good taste. Ahum, don't get carried away now... Edizioni 3ntini&C, Via Celletta 43/h, 44011 Argenta (FE), Italy.



BODY PLAY & Modern Primitives

This magazine is just a MUST for all piercing and body play lovers. Fakir has had the same problems as Secret, meaning no money to produce the next issue, but this personality has proven more than once that inner

energy is bigger than one may expect, or even dream of. This issue contains a special on "flesh hook suspension" with numerous of striking, captivating pictures. Published expressly for those who view their bodies as living canvas to decorate and living clay to sculpt. Single issues are 14 US\$ overseas and a one year subscription is 55 US\$. INSIGHT Books, P.O. Box 2575, Menlo Park, CA 94026-2575, USA. Recommended by Secret.

SOME BIZARRE

Excellent, informative fetish publication with good interviews, excellent news and contact section. Probably one of the best British "true" fetish publications. The Editor will not say that the recent edition of a high class magazine is good if he doesn't think so! Get it from: SB Publishing, P.O. Box 28, Stockton on Tees, TS21 1YR, England. email: editorial@somebizarre.octacon.co.uk



TERMINATRIX

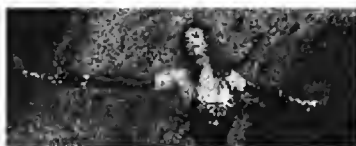
She is the creature Peter Czernich created in 1993 as the ultimate fantasy woman. In this first issue he allows 4 artists to express their vision of Terminatrix via drawing their fetish fantasy on paper. The results are surprisingly good. However, some of the drawings lack some detail and are in black and white (I love black and white... but not for Terminatrix...) The stories are entertaining, amusing and very sexy.... so who am I to criticize? I preferred the Tom Porta section where he has a strange scenario and has a go at the old "O"

team. He even glorifies Mr. Czernich as he "rubberized" the big Apple! Am I making sense? Well, you just have to buy this TERMINATRIX so you understand what I'm talking about. It's sex for the mind... and it's good for the body. Peter W. Czernich is a slave of his own creation, but he seems to love it. The ultimate bizarre in comix! Order your copy from Marquis, Flensburger Strasse 5, Solingen 42655, Germany. Price 45DM.



HEELS & HOSE

New production for the lovers of high heeled shoes, classic sheer and hot pictures of ladies showing more than just their panties. In fact I have the vague impression that this publication is using nylons and high heels just as an excuse to show off some cunts in all their splendour... but it's still a very good magazine with lot's of pictures. Too bad they don't inform you about other publications, except what they produce of course. So, here is there address: Flash Art & Publishing, 2 Stanhope House, High Street, Stanford-le-hope, Essex, SS17 0HA, England. Price: only £5.



OSLO Alternative Nightlife

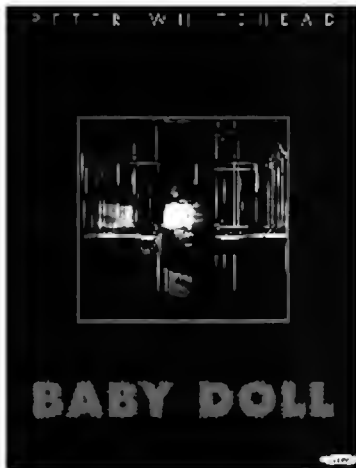
This beautiful produced book, printed in B/W and colour had only one small word stuck on with some heavy black tape; The complete selection of pictures in this book, feature the Oslo's alterantive Nightlife. For further information)please contact , with here the name and address of the Photographer, and signed; ...and a very good night to you....

I just called them, but it was the answering machine, so let's wait and find out if you can buy this book also. See you in a few minutes.

TRUE BLOOD

Last Gasp of San Francisco announced the publication of TRUE BLOOD, a deluxe new book exploring contemporary rituals, with photographs by Charles Gatewood & text by David Aaron Clark. For more information please contact Last Gasp of SF, 777 Florida Street, CA 94110, USA.





Baby Doll

by Peter Whitehead

Amazing and sometimes disturbing book published by Velvet Books. Amazing due to the content which is an ode of love to his model Mia Martin, and equally disturbing because one can feel that the contact between model and documentarist Peter Whitehead goes beyond mere model and photographer. Printed in striking black and white, it reveals a selection of exhibitionistic pictures of a girl in search of herself. She opens herself to your voyeuristic eye, and shows you her love for this photographer, while he uses his art to reflect the desperation, love, and orgasm of a young girl. It concludes with a selection of photographs where one can imagine how an orgasm would feel like if one was gazing through a camera lens and experiencing it from the "other side". Not a must for fetish or bondage collectors, but good enough to have a look at your local bookstore. Order from Velvet Publications, 83 Clerkenwell Road, London EC1R 5AR, UK. Price £12.95. Mention Secret.



Prélude au Scandale by Christophe Mourthé

A new book from this highly talented photographer is always good for a mention in Secret. Knowing Cristophe for some years now, it comes as no surprise that this small selection of pictures is again one of quality and style. Some of the pictures were made with the intention of creating a catalogue in concert with the fetish fashion store MINUIT in Brussels, but then he decided to use them in this book. In fact it announces the future Scandal Book that Christophe is preparing now. Get your copy from C. Mourthé, P.O. Box 49, 75860 Paris Cedex 18, France. Price: 75FFrs. or a limited edition, numbered and signed with a signed and numbered picture for 150FFrs. (about 30 US\$)

Black Sheets' zine

If ever I had a magazine that I laughed about, read from front til' back and back again, found interesting material, jokes, etc. it was this zine, Black Sheets. Bill Brent and Company (sorry guys, no time to write all your names) have an art for putting together a nice, smooth and funny SM zine. Loved it, and it's one of the only mags I took a subscription on, just to be sure to get it. Otherwise these 'zines send you one and forget about you. Ahum.... Just hope he reviews Secret and the Anthology I sent him... Complete documentation for only 1 US\$ to P.O. Box 31155, San Francisco, CA 94131, USA

FELINE FETISHES

Tales From the Erotic Edges.

Published by Circlet Press, this anthology was a treat to read. It's science fiction, it's easy to read, with no hooks or use of impressive vocabulary, but with impressive short stories on felines. Cat's, big or small, are omnipresent in it and their magic, ancient history and mythology gives them a fifth element. One understands that humans have always be fascinated by cats. They are impressive, hunters, mystical and can be so soft and gentle one forgets they kill for pleasure. Circlet Press, 1770 Massachusetts, Ave. #278, Cambridge, MA 02140, USA. ISBN: 1.885865.16.3

House of Whacks

They have moved yet again. This is the new address: HOW, 3514 North Pulaski Road, Chicago, IL 60641, USA.

Surgical powder gloves

"There is no justification for the continued use of powdered gloves." This the statement that we could read in several newspapers about the use of surgical gloves. It seems that the starch based powder would cause serious inflammation, increasing the risk of postoperative infection and even cause false diagnoses of cancer and HIV. Britain and Scandinavia have ceased the use of powdered gloves.





Boudoir Noir Issue 16

Robert Dante is a specialist, and he's been around, as they say. The Boudoir Noir is THE Canadian fetish magazine, run by sensible and intelligent people. But this last issue... I guess somebody took over the layout, because the good, clean striking layout found in earlier issues is gone. Instead, there is rambling from beginning until end. Sorry folks, contents are excellent, but you need to do something about your layout. By the way, the BULLWHIP video made by Dante is a delicious, breathtaking lesson in how to have a crack at it! Learn to handle the ultimate piece, the bullwhip, by watching this video. Then find yourself a tree and have lots of fun trying to whip off the leaves. Please, don't have just a go at your dear submissive.... this can hurt badly. Price 60\$, but I don't know if they are Canadian dollars or US. Find out at Boudoir Noir, Box 5, Stn F, Toronto, ON M4Y 2L4, Canada.



Laufmasche

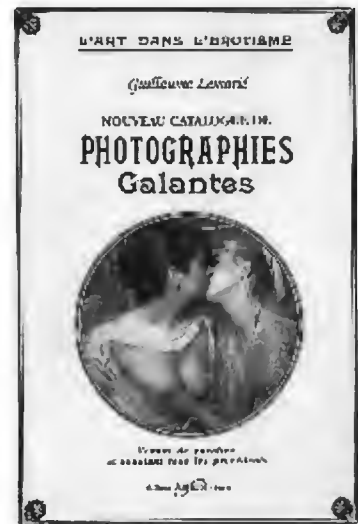
The title is a German expression for a stockings "ladder". This pocket size, German written magazine is the result of a labor of love from a couple interested in anything involving stockings and legs. You will discover in 68 pages, partly in colour, natural girls in nylons who could be your neighbour. Free classified ads. Send 20 DM to absatz verlag, postfach 101434, 47404 Moers Germany.



Maniac N.6

Pocket size magazine edited by Gilles Berquet in which he reflects some bizarre fetishes. Risen from the ashes of the famous Bizarre magazine edited by John Willie, it reflects, in a sort of artistic way, the bizarre fantasies of maniacs. In this issue they mingle food with sex and try to find the psychological effect of eating and sex. It's available from several fetish outlets around the world. It is also written in

French, but don't let that stop you as the pictures are on themselves good enough to send your 65Ffr (about 12 US\$) to the following address: Editions Astarté, 58 Rue Amélot, 75011 Paris, France.



Photographies Galantes by Guillaume Lemarié

This art book surprised me more than in one way. The presentation — heavy hard bound, retro style book, reminiscent of similar art books printed in the 1850's. The photographer I know well, and the fact that he used a pseudo has risen some questions in my mind, but I will respect him and not tell you who he really is. Art and especially photography is something that develops every day and once we have achieved an almost perfection in one discipline, we often look for new horizons. This is probably what he has done. This was in him and he just had to get it out. Now, what am I talking about? Don't worry, I'm not losing my mind. So, this GREAT art book is set in artificial decor, like in the 20's, with the actors dressed up as a baroness, a soldier, a nun, a priest, etc. and they give you a show. It's fun, it's erotic, and it's probably one of the best clones I have ever seen. So, if you like big moustaches, great photography and are a collector of rare erotic books, this is a must. You know me, I don't often say, get this one, but it's very good and if you can read some French, it's even better, as the text that goes with

the pictures will tell you the story. Too much! Get it from: Les Larmes D'Eros, 58 Rue Amelot, 75011 Paris, France. Format 15 x 21 - 96 pages, 200 Ffr. (about 35 US\$) Another product from the Editions Astarté. Well done Alexandre, keep up the good work. I just love it.



[nu] Morbid Attitudes

At one time Italy was probably one of the leading countries regarding the porn industry, but was a complete desert when it came to fetish publications. The exception, however, was the excellent Glittering Images Books. But with [nu], this has changed. An excellent magazine — more of an art book, in both English and Italian, and its contents are over erotic with a sniff of fetish and S&M. It also seems that one of the editors gets his kicks from female undies, as in every issue you will find at least 10 (often very good!) pictures of females in panties. Wow! Again, erotic photography of high quality, interesting and informative and well worth your attention. Get it from: Edizioni 3ntini&C, Via Celletta 43/h, 44011 Argenta FE, Italy. Price 20 US\$. Mention Secret.

Secret magazine is looking
for amateur pictures
texts by our readers
fantasy, fiction or best the truth!

Send a picture of your slave, wife,
Mistress, shoes, breasts, bum, cum...

Whambamthankyoumam!



Adults in Wonderland by Grace Lau

She was part of the team that began Skin Two back in 1983. She was and still is, more than "just" that. She's a talented and gifted photographer who has the ability to take portraits of the fetish culture with her own bizarre view. Over the last fifteen years, Grace Lau's photographic journey through the world of sexuality, gender identity and sadomasochistic subculture has earned her a reputation as one of the leading photographers of the perverse. This retrospective details the journey from her earliest male nudes, to her life as a voyeur at Skin Two functions and in the dungeons of Dominatrices, culminating in her most recent work on cross-dressing. From a feminist perspective, she explores sex and power and produces work that is revealing, liberating and which celebrates the variety of the sexual experience. "Grace Lau's portraits are not pornographic in that they are not designed as masturbatory aids. Nor do they deal artistically with the closer intimacies that, supposedly, are the space that women want to sexually inhabit, as opposed to the distance created by objectivization.



On the contrary, her currency is fantasy." Amanda Hopkinson writes in her introduction how Grace develops her vision on erotic female photography and the sheer will of this photographer to "stand and deliver". This book, a product of Serpent's Tail, is again one of high standard. In it you will find some of Grace's best work, along with the why, where and who is. And who is that on the picture with that gorgeous girl? I do know him...

isn't he? Yes, it's him! Yep, Jürgen lost his mind again. Results of writing all this stuff and gazing at my computer screen for 12 hours... ahum. Keep it serious, please. Nice book, yes, indeed. Request information from Serpent's Tail, 4 Blackstock Mews, London N4, England. Price 19.99£/ 29.99 US\$.



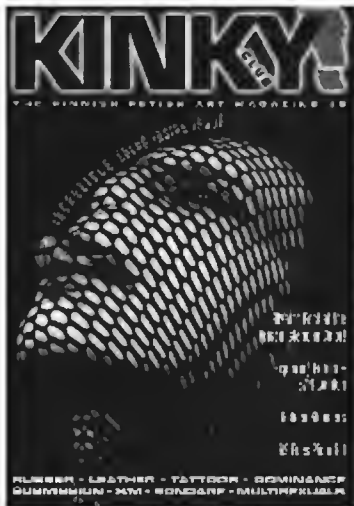
Black 'n Blue

A typical American fetish magazine, and a welcome surprise. Of course you will find hundreds of ads for Mistresses (worth the information!) but amongst the huge advertising pages, you will find well written articles, very good and realistic stories and some very good photography. The listings of shops, stores, groups and Mistresses are very complete and a welcome refreshing from other publications. Honestly, I was surprised and for 6.95 US\$ you get real value for your money. And do not allow the paper quality to fool you — this is good stuff. Get it from your local bookstore or send your order to Playtime Publishing, Suite 256, 177 Main Street, Fort Lee, NJ 07024, USA. Subscriptions are 106 US\$ for 13 issues. Credit cards are accepted and mention Secret, you hear?! Thank you very much.

Secret Website is free!

[Http://www.secretmag.com](http://www.secretmag.com)

Visit us !!!! Help us !!!!



Kinky Club

Only for our Finnish readers. Great magazine, but all text is Finnish, so "Sinä lukijamme Onneksi olkoon!" Whatever that means... ahum. Nice print, good layout, available from Kinky Club, PL 296, 00151 Helsinki, Finland

MACH 2

Are you fed up with fetish gatherings where Techno music and drugs are the main attraction? Do you dig fetish clothing without all the sex around it? Mach 2, with the famous Jim Price (former Macintosh president) has now taken over as secretary for this new club. Mach2, P.O. Box 355, Folkstone, Kent CT20 3GH, England



Fetish Times

Probably one of the best fetish magazines around for the moment. It looks a lot like Secret, but without the pictures. There is very good quality reading, information and a neat layout. This issue was done without Nikki Wolf and I must say, I didn't notice the difference. But then again, who am I? If I were to read or subscribe to some fetish magazines, this would be one of them. Don't miss it. Also, tell them how I praised their magazine, so they know why you are writing them. ~smile. Available from: JMW Publishing, BCM Box 9253, London WC1N 3XX, England. Single issue £7 subscriptions £25.



PLASTIC FANTASTIC

Our favorite fetish store MINUIT right here in Brussels has a new mail order catalog. Not one, no, but three new catalogues for the price of one! Kinky lingerie, leopard printed vinyl, and stretch plastic for the female of the 90's. Get a copy now by sending 15 US\$ to MINUIT, 60 Galerie du Centre, 1000 Brussels, Belgium. Fax: 32.2.223.10.09 - email: secretmag@glo.be

D Magazine

Aie, aie, aie, what is going on in France? After that Démonia disappeared from the stands because of censorship, the people in charge of Comedit in Paris tried to set up a new team, and a new title. But it was not to be. Karim Khaznadar, the very heart of Démonia and primal force and energy behind it, left the editorial team. The person who took over is obviously not cut of the same stuff that Karim was. This magazine has lost its soul. It doesn't vibe anymore, it's... sigh, what to say? Mr. Khaznadar can be proud of what he did these past years, the new team should hide themselves and be ashamed of what they did and presently are doing with was once one of the best fetish publications around.

NEWS and more !



CALL for DOMINA

The Austrian electronic act, CALL, caught my attention already with its first release where they combine male and female vocal alternations with cold danceable elektro. They focus their work on S&M topics and as they put it "somasochism is the basic working principle of our societies..." Titles on the CD are Whips and Kisses, Love in chains, Domina, Bondage, and more. The CD is available from Consequence Records, Dingbuch 3, 83 139 Söchtenau, Germany. Distributed by Discordia: Tel: int. 49.2154.427088. Mention Secret.



Fetishes Boutique

A professional Dominatrix was tired of having to go all the way to New York to acquire her fetish gear, so she decided to open her own store. Good collection of high heel shoes and rubber gear. Fetishes Boutique, P.O. Box 18911, Philadelphia, PA, 19119, USA.
<http://www.fetishesboutique.com>

SEELINKRA NK

It took me a couple of months before I could run this CD on my "Adaptac CD player" on my computer, but while I'm writing this, I hear the lyrics "so when I sleep, in dreams then you compete.. being a slave..." with some very good background music... hmmm... I could be easily brought in a dungeon now, kneel in front of my devoted Mistress and ...arglll. Hey, guys, this IS good music. "Silent Pleasures" is the title and you can get it from: Maschinenwelt Records, Postfach, 12061 Berlin, Germany. Again mention Secret, otherwise I don't get these lovely CD anymore! ~big smile.

BEHIND THE SCENE

Jennifer Brooks is one of my favorite spankers! Hey, don't get the wrong idea. I never met the gorgeous blonde with the evil look in her eye... no, no, she just makes me dream about a good spanking. You see, this magazine makes you feel easy about it. It's more of a zine (sorry Jennifer, here goes my date...) but the stories feel true and the pictures are made when she actually gives CP punishments. She needs a good slave to do the layout, but apart from that

this was a treat to read. Send me some more Jenny. Sorry Miss Brooks, could you ppppplease send me some more (you should read the ppplllease like Roger Rabbit. OK?) Now for all you spanklovers, here is what you have all been waiting for: Brooks Applications, P.O. Box 675750, San Diego, CA 92067-5750, USA. She also has training videos, but as I didn't see any, I cannot comment on this. (I'm fishing for a freebee here....)

Black Sheets

Bill Brent does an excellent job with this zine. It's funny, informative and was a nice change to some of the "serious" stuff I have been reading lately. They don't take themselves seriously, and that's what so good about it. It's kinky, queer, intelligent and irreverent... well, that's what it says on the cover anyway. Well done. P.O. Box 31155, San Francisco CA 94131, USA. Price: 6 US\$.

N.Y Leather S&M

Edited by the formal editor of Prometheus, Leonard Wolff. The contents are simple: a calendar, directory on groups and organizations, venues and some personals. It's distributed free at scene locations or you can subscribe for only 10 US\$ a year. P.O. Box 1617, New York, NY 10159-1617, USA. email: nysm_editor@hotmail.com

RONI RAYE'S KINK

Amazing catalogue by it's content as by it's presentation. Get yourself lost and immersed in the selection of reviews of 'zines, get turned on by sexy hot stories, cum on neat horny comics, lose yourself in an incredible list of fetish/erotic videos and CD-ROMs, books, magazines, you name it, she has it! Here is how to order your copy: Please include a signed statement of age and 15 US\$ (overseas orders include \$10 extra for shipping). They accept US funds only. Cash, money order and American checks to: Roni Raye Productions, P.O. Box 502110, Indianapolis, IN 46250, USA.

XX Girls

Richard Kern

He is one of the most highly spoken of photographers for the moment, and after his New York Girls with Taschen, he now does a book for Fiction in Japan. By the time you read this, the book should be out. Write to: Fiction Inc. 3-4-17-301 Kamiohsaki,

Shinagawa-Ku, Tokyo, Japan.

Good Girls Being Bad?

One of the specialist comix mail order companies in the USA is SQP. They have an all new collection of blood-crazed, head-splitting, flesh rendering comix, with bad girls doing bad things. Their collection is massive, ranging from Daughters of Darkness to Flesh and Fire, Amazon Empire, Dragon Ladies, and so much more! They also sell the Secret Anthology. Write to: SQP, P.O. Box 4569, Toms River NJ 08754, USA.

BETTY PAGE

Cult Epics have just (well not just) released a laserdisc with the complete Betty Page collection featuring Striporama, Varietease, Teaserama, Exotic Dances & Bondage classic. For more information write to Cult Epics, P.O. Box 55670, 1007 Amsterdam, Holland.



Craig Morrison

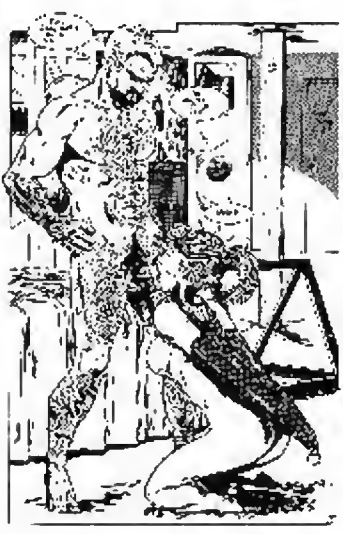
The complete range of spiky bags, cushions and pouches are available from Boutique Minuit, in Brussels. Check it out!

Fetish Soundtracks

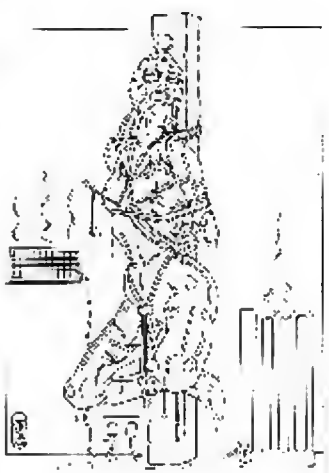
If you do not have the appropriate music for your dungeon, here's a CD with 14 fetish soundtracks. Write to Hypnobeat, P.O. Box 910127, 90259 Nuremberg, Germany.

Fetish Books?

Can the firm "Edition Stemmler" contact us so we may introduce our readers to some magnificent books like "Frosty Fire" and "Snaps"? Silly you. Never heard of Secret did you?



rubber and bondage are inseparable to many



Bristol and are signed and dated. Prices go from 250 up to 550 US\$. Get more information from the Master himself at this address: Z/Xero Image, 3288 - 21st Street, San Francisco, CA 94110 USA.

VIDEO



EROS COMIX

Every time I receive a bunch of magazines, I open the envelope with mixed feelings. Will this be a disaster again? No, this was good. Eros Comix, a division of Fantagraphics Books are publishing some very cool stuff. The drawings are clear, the scenario's good, although the branding scene in one of the books wasn't drawn by someone who knew something about it. The illustrator Peter Noga Jr., who did Lord Farrish has talent — that's for sure. Eros Comix, P.O. Box 25070, Seattle WA 98125-1970, USA.

fetishists, so that work will often include restraints which should be a 'work of art' in themselves! He is looking for a publisher and also wants to get his work on greeting cards after he received a very encouraging letter from Mister Eric Stanton himself. Wow! So, any people who would like to contact him, write to Secret and I'll forward the letters. OK? Good... nice readers, good readers, ...miauw, kirrrrr, brrrr, arglllll..... Don't take any notice, just one of my "kitten" attacks.

Fetish Fair

The Fetish fair in London will be held the first Sunday of each month from 11am till 5 pm. Smithy's, Leake street, Kings Cross, London. England.

ARTISTS

ALIKAT

He is also a photographer, interested in all forms of erotic art. Rubber fetishism is one of his favourite subjects as well as being his own personal pleasure! He explains: I particularly enjoy depicting the rubber "accessories" which are, or have been, part of 'everyday life' - the rubber bathing caps which were once so common, wet suits, Wellington boots and gas masks. These items, which many people recognize as fetish 'icons', usually combine very well with 'haute couture' rubber wear. A well-cut cat suit seems, to me, like a blank canvas on which to create some interesting work! Of course,

MICHAEL MANNING



PRIVATE COMMISSIONS

Michael Manning

In addition to his personal and commercial projects, he now also creates original pieces for private collectors. Give him a basic idea and he'll develop it from there. Portraits are done on the basis of pictures. All pieces are drawn in B/W on acid-free

The White Room, Part 3

by Marquis

Exceptional video for the rubber-lover. Stylish, and erotic with the skill of Mr. Czernich behind the camera and a hot Bianca in front of it. Available from Marquis or from our fetish store Boutique Minuit here in Brussels. Where? What? How?

BEEQUEEN Designs

Greeting and postcards now available from Beequeen Designs, 689 Queen St. W. Hive#63, Toronto ON, M6J 1E6 Canada



Psychopathia Sexualis by Richard von Krafft-Ebing

It was first published in 1872 and was intended as a professional text book detailing for the first time all known sexual perversions and deviances. This German neurologist and psychiatrist Baron Richard von Krafft-Ebing was the leading practitioner in the nascent field of sexology. This edition cuts out all the out dated medical theory and concentrates instead on the 238 case histories. It also states what they were thinking about us, I mean, at that time. But has it changed? I have learned that psychiatrist don't even get to learn about S&M. So, what changed? Here follows a part of the book:

Paraesthesia

perversion of the sexual instinct, i.e. excitability of the sexual functions to inadequate stimuli. (hic!)

Subdivisions of Paraesthesia are:

(a) Sadism. It consists in this that the association of lust and cruelty, which is indicated in the physiological consciousness, becomes strongly marked on a psychically degenerated basis, and that this lustful impulse coupled with presentations of cruelty rises to the height of powerful affects. This generates a force that seeks to materialise these presentations of fantasy, and which is accomplished when hyperaesthesia supervenes as a complication, or inhibitory moral counter-presentations fail to act. The quality of sadistic acts is defined by the relative potency of the tainted individual. If potent, the impulse of the sadist is directed to coitus, coupled with preparatory, concomitant or consecutive maltreatment, even murder, of the consort («Lustmurder»), the latter occurring chiefly because sensual lust has not been satisfied with the consummated coitus. If the sadist is psychically or spinally impotent, as an equivalent of coitus, there will be noticed strangling, stabbing, flagellating (of women), or under circumstances ridiculously silly and mean, acts of violence on the other person (symbolical sadism), or also for want of better on any living and feeling object (whipping of school children, recruits, apprentices, cruel acts on animals, etc.)

(b) Masochism is the counterpart of sadism in so far as it derives the height of pleasure from reckless acts of violence at the hands of the consort. It springs from

the impulse to create a situation by means of external physical force, which is in accordance with the individual psychic and spinal stage of potency, as a preparatory and concomitant means to experience the voluptuous sensation of coitus, to increase it or to make it a substitute for cohabitation. In direct ratio of the intensity of the perverse instinct and the remaining power of moral and aesthetic counter motives, it forms a gradation of the most abhorrent and monstrous to the most ludicrous and absurd acts (the request for personal castigation, humiliations of all sorts, passive flagellation, etc.).

(c) Fetishism invests imaginary presentations of separate parts of the body or portions of raiment of the opposite sex, or even simply pieces of clothing-material, with voluptuous sensations. The pathological aspect of this manifestation may be deduced from the fact that fetishist of parts of the body never stands in direct relation to sex, that it concentrates the whole sexual interest in the one part abstracted from the entire body.

As a rule, when the individual fetish is absent coitus becomes impossible or can only be managed under the influence of the respective imaginary presentation and even then grants no gratification. Its pathological condition is strongly accentuated by the circumstance that the fetishist does not find gratification in coitus itself, but rather in the manipulation of that portion of the body or that object which forms the interesting and effective fetish. The fetish varies individually and is, no doubt, occasioned by some incident which determines the relation between a single impression and the voluptuous feeling."

Published by Velvet Publications it's available from good bookstores. Price: 9.95£.

The fact that this book contains "out of date" results of some analyst, just shows you on what some of our institutions base themselves on for judging us. If these books are not "updated" we will burn in eternal hell and be judged by fools who don't even know what "fetishism" is! I wonder WHY Velvet published this? Except for the strange reports it's completely "out of this world"???

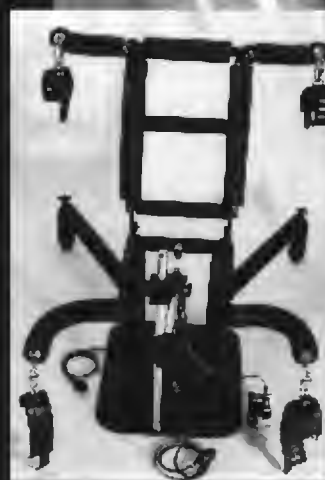
Paradise Electro Stimulation

For all your fantasy needs, Paradise MetalCraft brings you The Auto Erotic Chair™, a new apex in bondage gear. Six years in the making from Dante Amore - a name synonymous with innovative erotica of the highest order - the chair has been thoroughly tested and is now ready for use. This hand-crafted Aluminium-Titanium chair approximately 50 pounds and is completely collapsible in minutes for easy portability, so you never have to be far from your master. It can be used for masturbation, or with an assistant - the main stage for a night of pleasure.

Auto Erotic Chair comes with four very secure restraints. The fully adjustable arm and leg horns will get you or your other spread eagle in no time. Pneumatic pumps operate the two electro stimulating devices that come with the chair - one in front and one from below. The only mercy this hardware has to offer may be the firm black padding that wraps its alloy skeletal structure. From every angle this equipment is the pinnacle of modern bondage.

The Auto Erotic Chair™ Comes complete with two ankle and two wrist leather restraints, anal and vaginal pneumatics, P.E.S Vaginal Plug and P.E.S Butt Plug, operators manual and shipping container. Electro Stimulation Box not included.

The special range of the high quality electro stimulation is now also available from one of the best fetish store in Europe: MINUIT in Brussels. Come and see for yourself. Boutique MINUIT, 60 Galerie du Centre, 1000 Brussels, Belgium. Tel: 02.223.09.14 - Fax: 02.223.10.09



KALEIDOSCOPE

Sex, Healing and S&M

by Constance S. Slater

When one of the most influential people on the American Fetish Scene writes a book, this is an event worth celebrating. The annual DRESSING FOR PLEASURE fetish weekend is one of the highspots of the USA kinky year, and it attracts crowds from around the world. The indomitable "Constance" who's creative imagination has energized and sustained this meeting of sexually liberated minds for many years has now directed her experience and intuition into another channel.

Her book is indeed a kaleidoscope of thought-provoking information.... and is like no book previously written about erotic alternatives. This originality of approach may startle some people. The sex and sadism of the title will alert potential readers, and the "healing" mentioned will appeal to those of us who believe that exploration of our inner sexual-selves is indeed therapeutic. However Constance (as she is known to literally thousands of people) has never been one to do the expected, and with this book has revealed inner convictions which may add a new dimension to the way many people think about their sexuality.

However, the stumbling block is on the very doorstep. Her basic premise is announced in the first sentence of the introduction (by the late Philip Miller, co-author of *Screw the Roses, Send me the Thorns*). He asks "Psychic channelling, sexual fetishism and sadomasochism! Can you think of a more bizarre combination of topics?"

"Past life Experience" is a sure-fire topic for heated debate on TV and it made Shirley McClaine rich (richer). Many of us on the

Fetish Scene already accept that our world is pretty bizarre. We think of ourselves as being open minded enough to accept other people's sexual preferences even when we do not share their enthusiasm for certain pursuits. So, we should be open minded enough to welcome the sincerely held views of an author who's general knowledge of fetishism is world-class.

The idea that past lives do influence our current existence is older than the Bible. The karmic store and developmental journey from birth to death; the echoes of an inherited alternative sexuality or personality are all suggestions worth exploring. Constance, with the help of Jocelyn Graef, a lifelong psychic and Master of Reiki (a long established school of Japanese healing), has framed a series of questions concerning sexuality, personality and better understanding of self. These questions she has put to the "entity" for whom Jocelyn acts as channeller. This is one "Li Chen" who offers in response to questions from Constance, a cosmic and timeless view of human regeneration.

Whether you accept the spiritual concept or not, the book KALEIDOSCOPE: Sex, Healing and S&M is packed with the seriously considered opinions of a vastly experienced inhabitant of the contemporary S&M and Fetish Scene. Buy it...Read it...and absorb whatever information is relevant to your personal development as an individual.

Jim Stewart - London.



MUSIC**Escape 3 Organisation**

"This is an independent non-profit organisation created in order to promote and distribute unknown as well as the better known electronic music and noise. Our approach to the S&M music is cold, with a minimal of electronic rhythms and cut-up '2à's thmospheres. " Secret is known to be open-minded and music has sometimes been approached in a different way than other magazines do. Now we have a reputation! Also, I'm here to review HAUTNAH and HYPNOSKULL, two projects by P.Stevens. He explains: "The Hypnoskull project is my view on extremely cold and harsh relationships between man and object. It's my personal fetish of "technological S&M". The idea is simple, the fetish is not related to human, but to a cold object. It can be a metal screw in a machine, or oil that soaks out of the side of the machine. Instead of being in bondage with another person, I'm connected to the monotone rhythms to painful medical sound tests and flashing strobelights." Well, that was the text that went with the two tapes I got. I preferred HAUTNAH, but Hypnoskull is probably life a lot better. If repeated loops, noise industrial, are music you dig, then contact this guy at this address: P.O.Box 52, 2070 Zwijndrecht, Belgium. Tapes can be ordered are at 10 us\$. Mention Secret.

**SECRET
Web Site Reviews****The Tartsies Home Page.**

URL: <http://www.olimits.com/~tartsies/>
e-mail: Mistress.Tender.Mercy@olimits.com
Tartsies is "An Evolving Information Resource for the Heterosexual BDSM and Erotic Spanking Communities." The site, created by a most dynamic and wondrous woman, understands that women are becoming increasingly vulnerable in the SM/BD Scene - primarily due to the manner in which the Internet is increasing the exposure of the realm of SM/BD/fetish. Consequently, she has created a space where women can contact support groups and organizations dedicated to healthy SM/BD relationships. However, everyone in the Scene can benefit from a visit to Tartsies, where there can be found numerous links and listings of relevant publications and events. Tartsies has a magnificent online and hard copy catalogue of products, hand made by Tartsies staff members with tender loving care. The catalogue is available for \$ 10.00 USD (cheque or money order) from: Tartsies; 339 Milton Avenue; Janesville, WI. 53545; United States.

Shiney Nine Body Jewelry

URL: <http://www.shiny-nine.com/>
e mail: KFW@shiny-nine.com
Shiney Nine, an American distributor, has excellent prices on body jewelry. The stainless steel rings, available in all gauge sizes and styles, are manufactured from 316 L. Niobium jewelry is also available for those inclined. Their telephone number is: 1 (800) 697-4157. Payment can be made by credit card, cash, cheque or money order.

Bodyart Deutschland

URL: <http://home.t-online.de/home/03953681947-0001/homepage.htm>
e mail: bodyart@t-online.de
Currently entirely in the German language, this highly acclaimed site has plans on an English version in the near future. That cannot happen soon enough, as this site truly stands apart and deserves attention from body modification enthusiasts world wide.

Alexander, the creator of this site enjoys his work and it shows. He continually updates his site and never allows it to stagnate. Quite happily, he will publish related personal

photos and experiences on his site. He is dedicated to sharing all his findings (ie. shops, web sites, and various body art information) with those who wish to explore his well laid out pages. Even if you do not understand German, this site holds many gems waiting for you to discover.


Leather Online

URL: <http://www.intnet.net/public/slakker/LeatherOnline.html>
Leather Online is "The First Internet Magazine for the Global Leather Community" and is comprised of Leather activists from all over the world. A new issue is released monthly, each filled with practical and factual information as well as fiction and numerous features on the current affairs of the global Leather Community. Each issue contains club listings, links, guidance for long term and short term Scene players and so much more. This is certainly one major hub of Scene information on the Internet and not to be missed.

DsKiosk

URL: <http://www.cuffs.com/>
e mail: webmaster@cuffs.com
One of the best resource guides on the Internet devoted to the entire Ds Community. The site is maintained by Artful and Natasha, a diligent pair of Scene devotees. One will find sound advice, words of wisdom and a very pleasant forum in which to share experiences, ideas, fears and hopes. DsKiosk also supports a Bulletin Board System, allowing individuals to post and reply to messages concerning all facets of the Scene. Also available is a list of literary works from those in the Ds Community and a very impressive Internet resource links area. You will not want to miss this site - and be prepared to spend considerable time exploring the vast realms of the DsKiosk.

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K E R I N E E L K I N S

Kerine Elkins is a performance artist. She produced an erotic cabaret video called "Bleu Soldier", and became a cult star in films and worked on several occasions with the famous photographer Justice Howard. Kerine performs also at Fetish Balls. Based on classic ballet, burlesque, cabaret & erotic art concepts, the idea is to connect the mind with the body, working on inspired art as an expression of ones body.

Bookings and more information at this address: Kerine Elkins
P.O.Box 421064
Los Angeles, CA, USA

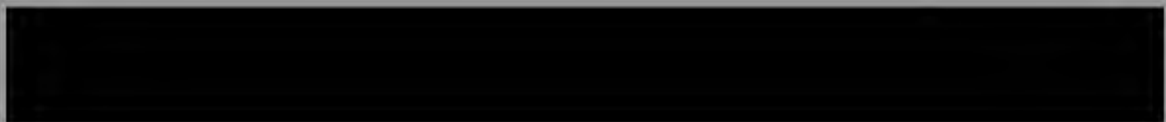


SORAYAMA - ART

A tribute to Jacques Leurquin

How trilled we all were when we saw that Mr. Sorayama had "used" a picture of our famous Belgian fetish photographer Jacques Leurquin and had changed it into a magnificent drawing of a stunning high heeled creature. The resemblance was so exact that even the reflections in the boots were the same. What a great artist! Of course you can imagine how proud I was, because these legs and bottom were of my wife Catherine! Lucky her, and me... I decided that I wanted to have this drawing for my private collection and contacted Mr. Sorayama through his representative in the USA. After a lot of emails from us and them it seemed that that this drawing is one of the favorites of Sorayama and that he doesn't want to sell it! Probably it will be too expensive as prices range from 15.000 to 30.000 US\$ for an original drawing! Way out of my reach....sigh. But what a tribute and honour from this over-famous artist!

Jürgen Boedt



The story of Torture Garden resembles that of Secret Magazine. We both started in 1990, we both did something we wanted to do in this fetish world, but that didn't exist. And we both kept it non commercial and remained pure.

David and Alan, both founders of T.G., have put together this book, a sort of retrospective of their fetish scene. The photographers, Jeremy Cadaver and Alan Sivroni, have both made a serious long term commitment to documenting the fetish scene. Their contrasting styles combine to record the genuine atmosphere and energy of the real T.G. experience and capture a unique and important moment in time. A moment of transformation. TG in particular has become known and trusted and therefore offers a unique insight into the fetish world.

The first part of the book concentrates on the club itself, performances and the crowd in close up shot by Jeremy Cadaver. The second part, shot by Sivroni is more static and will show you some amazing portraits of fetish characters and modern primitives. Some are scary, straight out of a horror movie (Friday part X, Freddy Kruger imitations, dandy's, SS uniforms, gays, lesbian) all showing off their best.

Conclusion by the T.G. Manifesto:

We wish to emphasize that T.G. is an environment in which to explore and celebrate the body and sexuality, encouraging free self-expression and the fulfilment of one's fantasies through body art adornment and sophisticated fetishism.

But T.G. does NOT encourage or allow any illegal sexual activity, crude exposure or offensive behaviour etc. at any of our events.

<http://www.backspace.org/torturegarden>

J.B.

T.
G.



Published by Creation Books, London, England.
Email: creation@pussycat.demon.co.uk Price:
£16.95 - £19.95.

Words & pictures

This book is edited by Halina Marlette and looks at the submissive role from the woman's point of view. She explains in her editorial;

Some people's sensitivity might be hurt by the pictures and texts contained in this volume. It was certainly not designed to do so. Our only aim being to share with sexually liberated adults a very private moment, in which I hope they will be able to lose themselves for a while, I have always been interested in sex and like with most teenagers, it rapidly became my favourite subject of conversation. The fact that by the time that I blew out the fourteen candles on my birthday cake I had become an over-endowed "Lolita" (despised by most of the other girls in my school, but the target of predilection of all the admirers of school girls in the area) certainly did not help in taming my vivid imagination. But as a result of all this unwelcome attention, my mother became so overprotective that I had to wait until I was well past sixteen to be kissed for the first time... by a senior girl with whom I became totally infatuated. A few months later, exactly three days after my seventeenth birthday, she organised the loss of my virginity to her boyfriend. Being in awe of the older girl, and using him as my pet, created a perfect balance in my mind. A situation that I enjoyed for quite a while. Since then, I have always enjoyed being submissive to older women, dominant to younger ones and to men of all ages. I have only been enslaved by one man, and it must be said that he was definitely my superior in more ways than one. Although I have explored most aspects of my rather demanding sexuality, I have always chosen my partners of both sexes with great care, never letting my physical desire take over until an emotion had arisen. And I must confess that the very few exceptions that I made to this rule have reinforced my conviction, since they turned out on the whole to be rather boring. Fantasies whether turned into reality or not are so much more exciting when shared with someone with whom one is emotionally involved! Submitting a slave to all sorts of physical and mental abuse is definitely more exciting when in love with him or her rather than controlling someone for whom one has absolutely no feeling and therefore no "transfer".

The book contains 209 pages of excellent photography, sometimes a bit rude, and is accompanied with good stories, seemingly true. It's an eye-opener... and if you like B/W artbooks with an edge, then you should contact: Marlette Publishing Ltd., P.O.Box 204, 2 Old Brompton Road, London SW7 3DQ, England.
J.B.



City of the Broken Dolls

In the wake of David Cronenberg's *Crash* comes Romain Slocombe's *City Of The Broken Dolls*, a visual diary of Tokyo Metropolis. Both in hospital rooms and on the neon streets, young Japanese girls are photographed in plastercasts and bandages, victims of unknown traumas. These are the «broken dolls» of a city seething with undercurrents of violent fantasy, fetishism and bondage. «Even the Japanese flag resembles a bloodstained bandage.»

Photographer Romain Slocombe is already a legendary figure in Tokyo. His work, a simultaneously erotic and shocking mix of medical imagery and S/M fetishism, has been the subject of three major exhibitions and a fourth commences in Sendai this April. Slocombe nonetheless fights shy of the S/M artist tag, preferring to view his work as a mixture between cultural metaphor - strict censorship of sexual imagery has produced a fetishistic puritanism in Japan - and his own personal sexuality, which leans toward the more clinical, sterilized medical image: «the violence [in my pictures] has already happened, and is not imminent as in most S/M situations»



The marring of perfection, the camera's intrusion into a very private suffering, helplessness and humiliation, and the erotic potential of trauma are just some of the themes present in a body of work which can also be clearly viewed as cutting-edge conceptual art.

R o m a i n
Slocombe is a
l e a d i n g
F r e n c h

illustrator, author and photographer. He has illustrated many book covers and also produced the legendary underground S/M graphic novel *Prisoner of The Red Army!*, and the classic Medical Art collection *Tristes Vacances*. He has recently directed two films about friends and fellow photographers Richard Kern and Araki.

CITY OF THE BROKEN DOLLS is published by Velvet Publications/Creation Books.





PATRICE CATANZARO

Le catalogue d'Alternative Plaisir. Well, what can I say? Patrice's devotion to the fetish, his skills as a designer and his choice of quality of the clothing materials are unique. He dedicated this new collection to "Today's Woman". But when I flick through it, I cannot set aside the feeling that Patrice is a slave, ahum, a slave of his own creation, like I am, chained to this urge to surpass himself over and over again. He presents the woman as strong and dominant. Even if the photographer Christophe Mourthé puts her in chains, she still keeps her authoritative aura because of the clothing. This catalogue is a real beauty, inspired on the "Mars Attacks" coiffure, and is definitely worth your attention. The clothing is available from good fetish stores around the world including Boutique MINUIT in Brussels.

J.B.



History of High Heels

© Jacques Languin



History of High Heels

The high heel has been target of ridicule and condemnation for at least 3,000 years. It has been castigated not merely because it's an article that is irrational, frivolous and unhealthful, but equally so because of its many sexual connotations. For perhaps no other part of the shoe is more directly sex-related than the high heel. However, the fact that the high heel has survived these many centuries is indication that its appeal to men and women alike is far more deep-seated than a mere ornamental feature on a shoe. For this reason we can be sure that any "trend" to low heels will be temporary at best.

Ancient origin

Nobody really knows the date, source or cause of the origin of the high heel. It can be seen on the tomb paintings of ancient Thebes (1,000 B.C.) in the form of stilt-like shoes. Ancient Egypt, Mesopotamia, Persia, Babylonia - all these civilizations, as shown in paintings and sculptures, knew the high heel. Legend has it that the horsemen of old used it to keep their feet secure in the stirrup; or that desert peoples used it to keep their feet raised from the hot sands; or butchers and tannery workers to keep their feet raised above the slippery fleshings on the floor.

A thing of beauty

But far more factual and logical is that the high heel (or raised foot) was created and originated as an esthetic and erotic instrument. It has been employed as such for at least 2,000 years - to this very day. In the old Greek theatre the thick-soled "kothornus" shoe was worn to add height to the actors (just as actors today use "elevator" shoes). In ancient Rome the women wore a cork sole covered with leather "four inches high" - and so the remark of that day that "the shoe appears to be half the person."

Because of the "elegance" of posture and physical stature created by the high heel, the right to wear it was reserved solely for nobility, but denied to common folk. And so comes our modern-day expression to be "well-heeled." But it was in medieval times that the high heel came into sweeping vogue everywhere - a popularity that has never ceased. It wasn't merely high (2 to 4 inches) but often was in brilliantly contrasting colors, bejeweled, painted, carved, shaped, etc. In fact, it was such an important focal point of elegant shoes that King Louis commissioned the famous Flemish artist, Van der Meulen, to paint military love and pastoral scenes on the heels of his countless shoes.

To men, the greatest of all inventions was the wheel. To women, it was the high heel.

European rage

The real momentum was given the high heel when in 1533 Catherine de Medici went to Paris to marry the Duke of Orleans (who became King Henry II), and brought with her the glamorous high-heel shoes that were instantly the envy of the ladies of the Court. Soon all Europe was on a high-heel craze. (A pair of bejeweled heels on one nobleman reportedly cost \$2,000.) The "chopine," a stilt-like shoe that often reached 12 to 18 inches off the floor, was an exaggerated extension of the high heel (and a carry-over from centuries past). In the late 1700's it inspired a poet of the day to write: "Mount on French heels when you go to a ball,

Tis the fashion to totter And show you can fall."

But the exotic features of the high heel wasn't reserved solely for women. The male dandies of the day were quick to adopt them.

Captivating effect

But something far more significant than the "faddishness" of the high heel occurred to insure its indefinite longevity. When women grew accustomed to wearing high heels, they also made the delightful discovery that in walking in high-heel shoes it caused their hips to sway and their skirts to swing back and forth. They were quick to observe that this had a hypnotic effect on the male eye, and so the popularity of the high heel - a wonderfully new sex embellishment - was assured. Still another sex-oriented factor was discovered. In high heels, women were required to take mincing, delicate steps. This tended to accentuate their "female helplessness" which called for the aid or the arm of the everready gallant males. And so the high heel contributed to a convenient "togetherness" through chivalry.

Sex-appeal value

Thus the high heel became a permanent and potent weapon in the female arsenal of sex appeal. In modern decades, as skirts have found their way to the knee, the sex-appeal value of the high heel has been given even greater potency because of its major contribution to the "well-turned ankle" and shapely calf. Psychologists, psychiatrists, physicians, sociologists, historians of clothing, designers, anthropologists - in regard to the centuries-long reign of the high heel, all meet on one common ground: The high heel is an article employed unquestionably and frankly for its sex-attraction values. It is a feature neither ornamental nor of any practical use - and, in fact, from a "practical" standpoint is a physical hindrance.

Perhaps most men and women know all of these things, consciously or unconsciously. But altogether these reasons are definitely sex-related, just as many other articles of apparel or manner of dress are sex-related. Thus the high heel must be seen in its correct light - as a powerful psychological and emotional article of attire.

Here to stay

For these magnetic reasons we can expect a continuing long life for the high heel. It will stand up to all the ridicule and condemnation, whether by husbands (who really don't mean it), or doctors who decry its harmful effects (the same doctors who continue smoking in the light of the cancer-related facts), or reformists who plead for a "return of sanity" (the same reformists who believed we could outlaw liquor with a stroke of the pen decreeing Prohibition). The simple high heel, an innocent little stilt, shows a glorious 3,000 year history, and there's no sign that its future won't be every bit as long.

High Heels

High heels, or stiletto heels as they are often referred to, are considered by many to be a key component to SM/BD/Fetish scenes (often without conscious realization.) They amplify the feminine aspect of an individual, and transform the physical and mental attributes of the wearer. Stilettos, much like the corset (see my article in Secret Issue #12), are highly versatile in that they can be worn by both Dominants and submissives — men as well as women. Stilettos can be a prime focal point in a scene or they can be a functional attribute — and anything in between. All serious scene players will sooner or later succumb to the lure of these erotic high heels. Some will desire to feel the magnificent power in strutting around a dungeon, towering above their subs, while some will desire to be literally underfoot of these high heels and pay them proper homage. Irregardless of the desire, high heels are sometimes an overlooked accouterment — but usually not for long.

A Dominant wearing High heels:

Most Dominants wear high heels, usually as a knee high or thigh high boot. Stiletto boots are perfect dungeon wear and the more exotic, the better. Not to say that stiletto boots have become common place, but there does appear to be a surplus of the standard black patent leather lace up the front style. For a unique and individualistic Dom to command the attention she greatly deserves, stiletto boots equally as unique (adorned with buckles, straps etc.) are recommended. Boudoir stilettos are often seen in the form of sandals, ankle boots, open toe or regular shoe style. As with boots, there are numerous styles, colours and materials from which the Dom can choose to best match her personality and the desired effect she wishes to create. Club wear seems to be a near equal mix of boots and shoes. However this is not to say that shoes are limited to the boudoir and boots to the dungeon. It's whatever the Mistress desires!

The strapping on of boots or shoes is an empowering experience for the Dominant. Heels are often the final addition to a Dom's gear and thus the final exertion of preparatory energy by a Dom. The outfit completed, standing tall, the Dom is now fully in role. Gearing up can be a private experience for the Dom, hence S/He may wish to dress without assistance. However, there are those who demand and incorporate their ½dressing+ in a scene with a sub. Having a sub lace/zip up the stilettos is arousing for both and often teases the sub no end. Many wicked little games can be devised for this type of scene!

The type of high heel worn is dependent entirely upon its wearer, her personality, her desires and her image. 3" (Three) to 5 1/2" (Five and a half inch) heels are ideal working heels. They are enjoyable to strut, dance, trample and indulge in lengthy scenes with. High heels greater than 5 1/2" (Five and a half inches) are a magnificent posing size and if possible, the Dom can train herself to be quite comfortable in them for lengthy periods of time.

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High heels add considerable height to a Dom, augmenting the illusion that she is unobtainable by her submissive, thereby cementing her role as superior. Heels create a more menacing and powerful image, enhancing her personae. Some Doms wear high heels out of instinct (not fetishistic desire), not realizing until later, perhaps, how the high heels have transformed her. Subconsciously she takes on an even more authoritative air and exudes sexuality, sensuality and dominance. Doms who have a high heel fetish revel in the empowerment and truly understand the effect that high heels have on others. These Doms truly ½work+ their heels and the stilettos become an extension of themselves - truly commanding, dictating, imposing fear and awe.

High heels worn by a Dom create a more languid and erotic image as movements tend to be more graceful, due to the great care taken while walking. Skin tight, thigh hugging boots give rise to a more ½commanding+ image than shoes, as they stretch up the Dom's legs, encasing her calves and thighs, shielding them from the view of others. The Dom's legs thus become less attainable to the submissive and elevate her position of power further than if she were wearing shoe style high heels. However, a very exotic affect can be achieved by wearing black patent ankle boots and well polished black latex stockings - an illusion is generated whereby the viewer perceives the ankle boots and stockings as one garment (very delicious indeed!) In addition to the ½look+, and on a practical note, boots offer more support than shoes - however, when purchasing, each individual is different and s/he must find the fit and style that suits her/him the best.

A submissive wearing high heels

As powerful as high heels are, they can be used as a tool to control a submissive. A sub not accustomed to the height of stilettos will find them quite confining and limiting, heightening the sensation of helplessness, resulting in feeling quite bound during a scene. Placing high heels, preferably in a shoe style as they have less support (as

mentioned above), on a sub can be performed as an act of bondage itself. The difficulty in performing her/his regular duties is amplified while wearing stilettos. Household chores and other labourious tasks may become physically more painful or take a longer time to complete than if the sub were not restricted by high heels. While yielding to her/his high heels, the sub is prone to accidents and/or is susceptible to inept servitude. The pain of the heels upon the feet and legs might be distracting to the sub. Focus and dedication to a specific duty might be subverted by the submissive in order to maintain balance or to walk properly to and fro. This pain, and this displacement of attention can cause the sub to err in a task or cause an accident, thereby placing themselves in a position to be reprimanded - surely the goal of any loving Dominant!

A Dom may also see fit to place her/his submissive in heels as a form of punishment. This leaves the submissive open to the possibility of erring again and being admonished further. If the sub commits an infraction due to her/his high heels, the Dom would almost certainly have the submissive wear those heels more often - that is, until the sub became more proficient in routine tasks. Some Doms will place high heels on their submissives in the hopes that they blunder or fail in a task for the express purpose of requiring a reason to inflict discipline. The extremity of the chastisement, is of course, entirely dependent upon the relationship between the Dom and sub.

And for those subs who are accustomed to a certain height of heels, the Dom can have the sub wear even higher heeled stilettos, challenging the most adept wearer. If further difficulty for the sub is desired by the Dominant, ankle restraints placed on the high heeled submissive, connected by a short chain should serve the purpose.

Heel and Footwear Fetish

Aside from visual superiority, a Dominant wearing high heels is the dream of every foot and boot/shoe fetishist. The submissive's interests may include worshipping the ½stilettoe'd+ feet of a Dominant with hands and mouth. The most servile foot fetish submissive will do almost anything to worship a Dom's high heeled footwear properly - that is, with a good cleaning, incorporating mouth and tongue. (Subs be warned - a Dom will not tolerate a messy job involving copious quantities of saliva during a boot/shoe cleaning.) It is far better to use long strong stroke of the tongue. However, remember the Dom is in command and stilettos should be cleaned as the Dom wishes. Through this type of cleaning, a sub is expressing complete servitude and reverence - all the while being physically close to the Dom. This closeness is important in all scene activity and it is felt that the more physical contact there is between the Dom and sub, the more satisfying the scene is for both parties involved. Consequently shoe/boot cleaning is often viewed as a reward to the submissive by the Dom.

Another common desire of the foot and boot fetishist is to be ½caressed+ and stepped on with stilettos - trampling and crushing scenes are a great turn on for these individuals. This is often a very intense experience for the submissive, and a sought after fantasy by some subs. These subs desire to be punished and more firmly ½feel+ the power of her/his Dom. A note to novice Doms in this area of domination, be careful and watch your strength, as stiletto heels can pierce skin (and vital organs) quite easily. On the other hand, a hygienically prepared stiletto heel

(cleaned well with alcohol) can be utilized quite beautifully for blood sports. While the idea is to subjugate and administer a certain amount of pain, slashing the skin and causing serious harm is not a recommended result and will send most subs screaming out of the dungeon. While high heels are noted for their feminization, the heel itself is often viewed as a phallic. An ultimate act of humiliation for many male slaves is to be forced to worship (via sucking and licking) the phallic heel itself. To be anally penetrated by the heel is the penultimate humiliation. There are both fiction and non-fiction stories wherein a submissive will take high heels in the rectum. The danger of this activity cannot be stressed enough. Regardless of what is read elsewhere, inserting anything other than smooth objects in the rectum is dangerous and could cause serious problems. However, some manufacturers have solved this problem by creating a special type of heel that is safe for anal penetration.

There is no great mystery as to what breeds a foot/shoe/boot fetishist (be they Dominant or submissive.) A fascination with high heels is usually evoked at an early age, triggered by a family member or frequent visitor who wears high heels and has thus become a source of enchantment to the young fetishist. As stated earlier, high heels amplify femininity and this may be seen by a young girl as a means to attain that mysterious ½womanhood+ long sought after by her. A young boy who feels a stronger pull towards the female side of his identity will certainly indulge in ½trying on his mother's high heeled shoes+ in order to access his feminine aspect more fully. No matter the cause or reason, the foot/shoe/boot fetishist is born young and may not emerge until later in life - it is important not to discount this desire, but explore it with other like minded individuals.

Practice

Care taken in purchasing high heels is very important. Comfort is paramount and as stated earlier, the style and type of high heel purchased must reflect the personae of the wearer and its intended use. In order to achieve complete comfort for prolonged wearing sessions, it is vital that the heels are worn every day (or at least every other day) for as long as possible. The wearer may only be able to tolerate fifteen minutes or a half hour in the beginning, however, persistence is quickly rewarded and before long, the wearer should be able to enjoy several hours of high heel strutting.

While high heels are not a mandatory requirement, they do add to one's ensemble visually. In addition, they also affect the psyche quite dramatically, depending on the manner in which they are utilized. Dom or sub, female or male, at least one pair of stilettos should be had on hand - and men wonder why women purchase footwear as extensively as they do undergarments!

Miss.Xandria



P eter
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SELF Bondage

by Dexter c. Herron

Smoothly she pulled the car into the garage. She killed the ignition and sat listening to the ticking of the engine, to the hiss of the soft rain outside, to the quiet. The gray light of the day fell from the tiny windows and reflected little squares on the shine of her steering wheel. Her fingers played along its smoothness. She watched them, clad in leather, flex and unflex as they moved along the wheel. Her left finger stroked the back of the other hand and though the leather, it felt sensitive, heightened. Her fingers played with each other, caressing, stroking, tightening and relaxing. She touched her face, feeling the butter soft doe skin sliding along her skin.

She was feeling naughty. Their weekend had been effectively killed when mother called to cancel her little visit. And as if there was anything left, the weather turned to a shadowy gray with reports of rain until Monday. 'We can catch up on all our house projects,' Robert suggested over breakfast. How simple, she thought later as she shelved books at the store. How domesticated. Have we become our parents already? She shook the thought from her head as she planned out the possibility for a more exciting weekend.

She stepped from the car and felt her skirt brush against her calves. She felt the cool, pre-spring air against her skin. She brought her ankles together and imagined them bound tightly, with white cord. She could see the frappings, feel the rope about her knees. All of her senses were sparking. Her stomach had trembled with the idea of her weekend as soon as she had thought of it. Her body prepared itself, opening itself for all sensation. She could smell the oil of the garage and hear the distant bark of a the neighbour's dog. She opened her eyes not realizing they were closed. She looked about realizing she was still in the garage and the door open for her neighbours to see. She had to physically look to see that her feet where not bound before she could move. She quickly snatched up her groceries from the back seat and headed for the kitchen.

She heard the hall clock chime the quarter hour. Richard would be home and 4:15, 4:20 at the latest. She quickly allotted what she had and planed the next two hours. Calmly she put away her groceries, leaving out what she would need. She marvelled at her serenity in preparing a light meal and setting it in the Microwave. She scripted a quick note of instruction and snatched a piece of tape to stick it to the microwave door. She felt the tape on her fingers and in her mind felt it against her lips, gluing them together. Crinkly, scratchy, shiny and smooth. Richard slowly applying strip by strip, taking away her ability to argue, complain, beg. Binding her fingers, wrapping her arms, her mind toyed with the idea. Immobile like a mummy in clear, sticky plastic. She blinked and came back to reality. The time on the microwave blinked at her. Richard

would be home soon. She put the note to the door and headed up to shower. The warm water danced against her flesh. The bubbles glided over her bristling nipples. She tried not to play with herself, but absently found her fingers rubbing up against her labia, pushing into her clitoris, sending sparks into her abdomen. Her arms brushed up against her breasts. Small, formless but proud and defiant nipples, begging to be twisted and pinched.

From outside, the school bus horn sounded and deposited two children on the next door neighbour's steps. She dried quickly and tipped toed to the bedroom. She reached into the closet, forcing her way to the back and with a tussle, wrestled with a large, overstuffed garment bag and set it on the bed. She tried to control her shaking hands as she left it. She sat before her bureau and applied her make-up sparingly, least it began to run later. She wondered about it knowing he wasn't going to see her face.

She quickly pinned her hair back, snatching bobby pins from a cup. In her rush, her fingers skidded into a closed safety pin and she stared at it. Her left nipple tightened as her fingers squeezed it open. She glanced at the clock, did she have the time? Her mind raced with a list of materials, she would have to get, tissues, disinfectant.



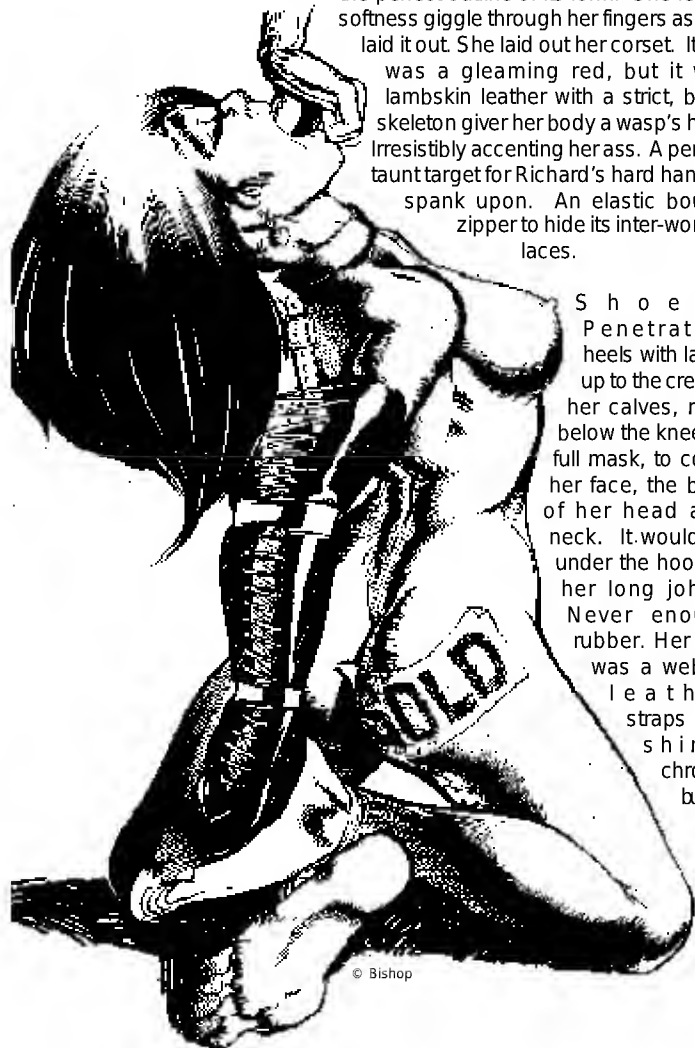
No, she decided much to her nipples sigh, it was too dangerous to do alone. She was risking a lot as it was. Besides, it was much more fun for Richard to do it to her. She quickly threaded a length of thread through its eye. She was going to make sure that Richard found it. A whole weekend and they should get to it. She heard the downstairs clock chime the quarter hour as she rose from the bureau, letting her towel fall into a pile on the floor. She took up the bottle of baby powder from the dresser and set it nearby on the nightstand by the bed. Her hands were trembling again as she tugged on the zipper of the garment bag. Dust covered the vinyl cover. Has it been that long since we did this? She wondered as she pulled it open.

The wafting odour of latex and rubber assailed her. She remembered the smell like it was yesterday...it was yesterday. Glistening folds of black, red and white. A hint of blue from the back. Sliding against themselves as if she had just awakened some strange alien being. Oozing along the heavy coats of rubber treatment that she and Richard had stored them in. Protecting them. She glanced at the clock and got to work. She laid out the blood red long johns. It was her favourite. Complete. Booties, hands, hood, body, all one smooth piece. A zipper running from the small of her back, through her sex and up to her chin. It had two ends so that Richard could access her sex without opening up the suit. It was concealable so not to break up

the perfect outline of its form. She felt its softness giggle through her fingers as she laid it out. She laid out her corset. It too was a gleaming red, but it was lambskin leather with a strict, bone skeleton giver her body a wasp's hide. Irresistibly accenting her ass. A perfect taunt target for Richard's hard hand to spank upon. An elastic bound zipper to hide its inter-work of laces.

S h o e s .

Penetrating heels with laces up to the crest of her calves, right below the knee. A full mask, to cover her face, the back of her head and neck. It would go under the hood of her long johns. Never enough rubber. Hergag was a web of leather straps with shiny, chrome buckles.



A large red sponge ball to silence her pleas. A military M-19 field protective gas mask to complete the enclosure. Finally she laid out a pair of black panties. Grope pants they were called for the tiny nubs of rubber in the crotch. This was going on first. She powdered her bottom. Then rolling up the panties she pulled them on. It slipped easily over her tiny butt and laid flat against her belly. She tried hard not to touch them any more than she had too. The soft, rubber fingers played with her with every breath she took, every motion she made. She felt sweat instantly against the rubber skin. It mixed with her inner juices and she shuddered all the more. Carefully she pulled the mask on, not to smear her make up. It pinched and caught her hair and it was twisted, almost refusing to sit straight. But when it did, it moulded to her face and head with a gentle, uniform pressure. She ran her hands along her head and neck, smoothing out the bubbles and wrinkles. She looked at the mirror. Her wide eyes peering from the large, round holes and her wide, red lips in the hole for her mouth.

She patted more powder, sending plumes of talc all over the room. Her arms, legs, beasts, everywhere. It warmed instantly to her skin. Balancing on one foot she entered the latex long johns. It slipped about her, welcomed her, surrounded her. She shimmied as she brought it over her hips, the nubs of the panties stroking her, tickling her. Sending her passion into an up roar. She felt the crotch of the long johns drive right up into her sex and she exploded with a controlled gasp. Quivering she tried to force her hormones back into order. She knew what Richard was going to do. She knew he was going to bind her so that she couldn't move. Spank her, hurt her, throw her into delicious fits of pain. And through it all, his hard hands would become soft, pausing between blows of the crop and touch the magic spot and push the little rubber heads into her again. She was panting through her open mouth now as she glanced at the clock. She added more powder and slipped her arms through, gently stretching the rubber over her shoulders, pushing her fingers into the gloves. She rummaged into the bag and pulled out two metal clamps and without hesitation applied them to her nipples. She found them erect and bursting to the point of pain. The clamps sent shocks of lighting into her chest and she had to grip the dresser to hold herself up until the first wave of pain past. She slowly pulled up the zipper, feeling the tiny rumbling fingers in her sex and the hard steel of the clamps of her breasts. She felt herself being torn apart.

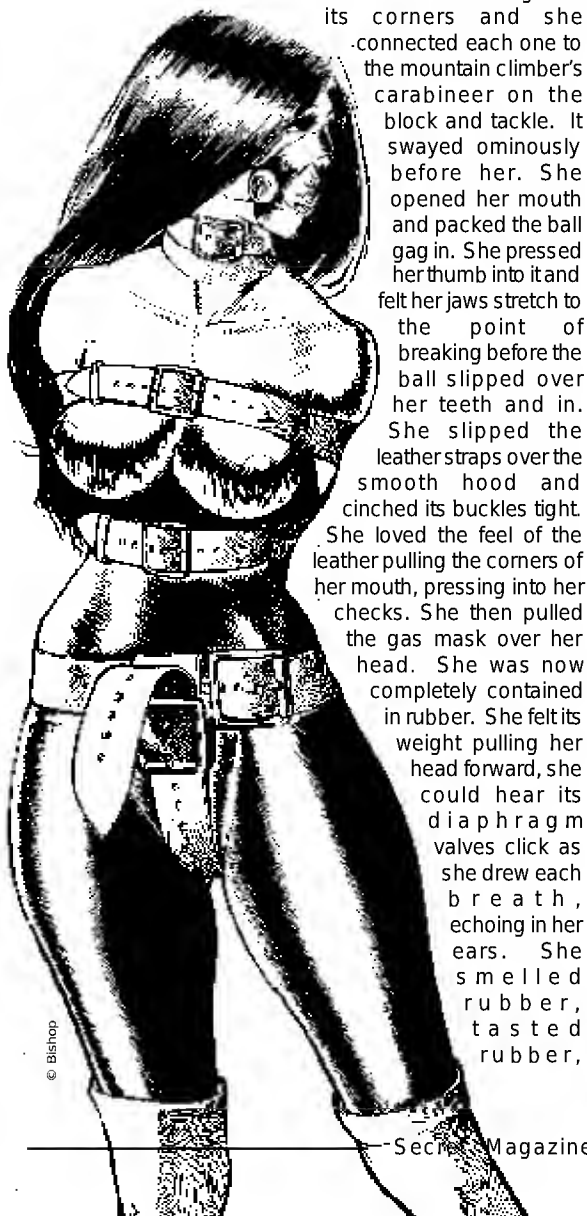
The hood slipped over her head and the zipper concealed on her chin, sealing herself in. Its red outline perfectly framed her black clad face. Her shoes went on as quickly as she could. Lacing it required her constant shifting into the rubber nubs of her panties. She felt her fire rage again and she had to frequently stop to let the boil settle again. She stepped into the circle of the corset and slipped it up to her hips. She carefully pulled on the strings, smoothly bringing its embrace into her waist. It drove the metal clamps on her breasts wild with pain. She could breathe in short gasps as she tied off the knot, balling the extra thread on itself. She took a wire hanger and carefully hooked the heavy zipper and pulled it down. Covered from head to toe in rubber and leather, she never felt more naked.

She could no longer bend down so she had to bend her legs in order to reach the gag and gas mask. With these she headed down stairs. She checked the kitchen clock as she reached the basement door. She had a full fifteen

minutes. The hall clock chimed the hour. She left the basement door open for Richard. He would see the car in the garage and would know to look there for her. She turned on the light and slowly descended the stairs. Her crotch was so sensitive she felt she could orgasm at any minute. She couldn't let that happen. Not yet. Against the back wall of the cellar, she reached up for the secret latch and felt her nipples pinch again. Her lip quivering she fumbled the latch and a hidden section of wall. She remembered how Richard got the idea from Popular Carpenters.

She flicked the light to their little dungeon. She didn't have time to reminisce. She moved the stocks from the corner to the centre of the room. They were mounted on a huge, heavy board. She then unhooked the rope and tackle from the wall and let it hang, then adjusted its height. She carefully manoeuvred the stocks below it. She took a head stock from the wall and set it near the stocks already on the floor. She took the cuffs from the wall and the riding crop as well and set them in a pile. She took down the leg spreader. She adjusted the length and strapped it below each knee.

Awkwardly she knelt before the pile and took up the head stock. It had four chains leading from its corners and she



connected each one to the mountain climber's carabineer on the block and tackle. It swayed ominously before her. She opened her mouth and packed the ball gag in. She pressed her thumb into it and felt her jaws stretch to the point of breaking before the ball slipped over her teeth and in. She slipped the leather straps over the smooth hood and cinched its buckles tight. She loved the feel of the leather pulling the corners of her mouth, pressing into her cheeks. She then pulled the gas mask over her head. She was now completely contained in rubber. She felt its weight pulling her head forward, she could hear its diaphragm valves click as she drew each breath, echoing in her ears. She smelled rubber, tasted rubber,

heard its soft rustle as she moved, felt it against her skin. Through the lenses of her gas mask she looked for the riding crop and set it before her. Then she clasped the handcuff against her left wrist. It gave a cold ratchetting grip and held her. Unyielding, inhuman, unrelenting.

She shifted, lifting the stocks behind her and slipping her ankles into the half circles. Then she set the upper half down, closing the circle. She flipped down the clasp and closed its padlock with a hard, metal snap. She sat up and her head bumped into the stocks above her. It was only a square piece of wood, a hole as big as her neck. She opened it, spreading it apart like a jaw. She let it slide about her, ready to close. She waited, what she was doing was extremely dangerous. She had no keys. Too many things could happen and she would be trapped. A cramp, painful gas, even a fire! She couldn't be left alone. Even though the door to the basement and the door to the dungeon was open, with all the sound proofing on the walls, no one would ever hear her tiny, muffled cries. Once she closed the board about her neck, she was going to be in a painful position, all of her weight on her knees. In delicious pain. She wouldn't be able to escape. A sweet thought, but the risks had to be considered. She would wait until she heard Richard enter the house. She could hear him stomping about in the kitchen though the open doors and easily finish her bondage before he made it down stairs.

She heard the hall clock chime the quarter hour. It was time. In her mind she saw Richard's car coming down the street, pulling behind her car in the drive way. Entering the kitchen, seeing the note on the Microwave, and the open basement door, he added two and two and knew where she was. Her ears strained and she could hear a car, rumbling down the street. She knew it was him. She rose up as high as her knees could go. She had to pull on the board to lift herself a fraction higher to slip in her chin over. She felt its loose clamp about her neck and heard the click of its hardened steel padlock. Once closed, she could put the weight back onto her knees.

She heard the car coming up the drive way as her hands fumbled with the cuffs behind her back. She finally slipped it over her right wrist and pushed it into her butt to send it home with a solid, metal, staccato. She was stretched, most of her weight on her knees, her breasts on fire and her crotch slowly smouldering, getting hotter in motion to her quick, strained grasps. She listened for Richard. She listened as the car faded away into the distance. Wrong car. She had gotten too excited again. She was stuck now, but Richard was due home and minute, any second. The phone rang. She sighed as it rang, listened as the answering machine picked it up. Felt her heart pound as she heard Richard's voice. 'Hi honey. Still at work. Since mother isn't coming, we're gonna finish this project before we go. Be home at six or so, eight on the outside. Love You. Bye.' The phone clicked and the house was silent again. She was in too much pain, too much ecstasy. She could only close her eyes and imagine Richard coming down the stairs.

FRUSTRATION

Frustration. That's a word I have been hearing a lot of lately. In fact, come to think about it, frustration is probably the basis of any S&M or fetish behaviour. Because if one longs so much for something that it hurts, the slow fulfilment will be better appreciated than instant satisfaction. I know a friend of mine who prefers hunting girls that are married, or in a very good relationship, so as to be turned down every time. But when he actually succeeds, he's frustrated and mad at the girl because she likes him!

The pure masochist will also look for frustration. And a good Mistress will give it to him, gladly and with refinement. Oh yes, he will love to be teased and punished. Only when he behaves, and is totally submissive, will he still not get what he wants. A pure fetishist will long for the touch, the feel and the look. Sometimes they will punish themselves so as to be deprived of their beloved fetish material so the frustration can build up and let them thirst for it as a flower longs for water.

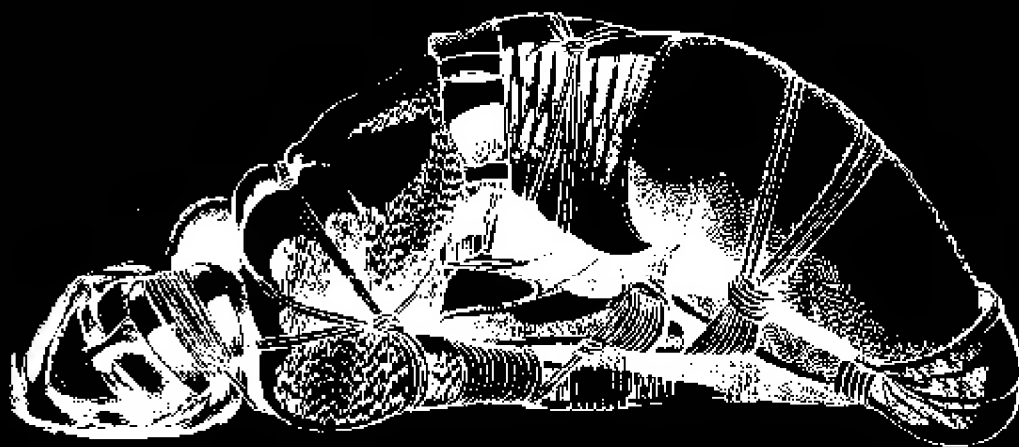
Here in Belgium, we thought that sadomasochism was tolerated by our justice system. But it seems that we were all wrong. Only recently a judge and his wife (and some friends) were arraigned by a Belgian court for playing S&M games with each other. Nobody filed a complaint. All of the persons were adults, sane and consensual. The so-to-say "victim", the wife of the judge, said in every appearance that "she agreed on all actions and deprivations against her". But the court decided differently. The judge was sentenced to one year, loss of civil rights for the next 5 years and a fine of 100.000 BF.

The fact that the wife was consenting didn't change anything. As the court declared: "Nobody is the owner of his own body, because bodily integrity is a fundamental right". So what does this mean? I guess that all people that have been playing S&M games here will have to be very careful. It also means that if you "hurt" somebody, even in your sexual games, is now punishable by law.

The convicted judge and his wife have been interviewed declaring that all actions were of a strict private nature and that no court can decide what somebody can do with his/her body. If you want to stretch the point it means that piercing your ears is in conflict with Belgian law, as you do not have the right to mutilate your own body! Suicide is now punishable..... what's it all coming to?

After the "Spanner case", now we have our own little battle to fight. And I thought that Belgium was an open minded, democratic country. Hell, it's even worse than England!

Jürgen Boedt
editor



© Bishop



The Psychology of Rubber

In our society rubber has significant history of about a century. There is a reference to an 'Indian rubber cape' in Dickens. We know that South American Indians used a kind of cloth cape smeared with raw rubber gum for centuries before the Spanish conquest. But raw rubber gum rapidly degenerating into a putrid stinking mess under the effects of light and air is a far cry from modern rubber products and the real history of rubber may be said to have started with the discovery of the vulcanising process which results in a durable material. If this material has a history of only 100 years how is it that it has come to exercise such a fascination over the minds of so many people when made up into clothing? It has not a background of millions of years as leather has, rubber is a child of the industrial revolution and is still as new as tomorrow. The development of unvulcanised latex sheet in itself during the past twenty five years has transformed the material beyond all previous expectations. Yet strangely enough latex rubber sheet from which the majority of rubber garments are made today has grown up alongside PVC plastic sheet and during the same period but with an entirely different aura. For instance, women wear plastic raincoats and even plastic slimming garments without a qualm, but a majority of women dislike or even have a horror of rubber. Men, on the whole, do not use plastic for clothing. The plastic raincoat, so cheap and convenient has never become popular among men, but certainly a majority are attracted to rubber for clothing and far from being revolted by it, find it most attractive. Rubber, of course, comes in many forms. Today, silky soft latex sheet, rubber in its purest form and made in black and attractive colours is the most commonly used in the making of clothing. Polish proof cloth of various weights is still widely used for the manufacture of heavy duty rainwear and protective clothing for farm workers, firemen and so on. In the lighter qualities, known as *Indiana* from the name of the foundation cloth, it is still used to a small extent for making fashion rainwear, but less and less of it is being produced every year and in due course of time it will probably disappear entirely from the market. This is mainly due to the dull, inefficient marketing techniques of the rubber industry which appears to have sat by supine while its markets have been absorbed by alternative synthetic products in plastic. So called '*Continental Sheeting*' is a steam cured sheet, lightly vulcanised, with a pleasant surface and capable of being made in a wide range of bright, attractive colours. Garments may be fabricated from this sheeting using techniques which result in a neat, pleasant looking product. Continental sheeting is extensively used for the production of clothing in Germany. However, it suffers from one major defect which is gradually allowing latex sheeting to displace it. Steam cured rubber sheet is a fragile easily torn material with a quite short life. Garments made in it are delicate and easily damaged. It is not manufactured in the United Kingdom and again it is a product which will probably in due course vanish from the world market.

«*Mackintosh proofed*» cotton is a well known and traditional material for the manufacture of rainwear. It is a light cotton cloth with a layer of cured rubber on one side, usually put to the inside of the garment. It makes up into a good, serviceable raincoat but like all these materials is falling into disuse because of the failure of the rubber manufacturers to look to

their markets. It is a peculiarity of the rubber industry that few manufacturers of rubber proofed cloth make anything at all. They proof and process cloth belonging to other people. Since plastic and silicone proofing is so much cheaper and since the users of these processes act so much more expeditiously, rubber is in the background and seems likely to remain there despite a lively public demand for such materials..

«*Jackonet*» and «*Batiste*» are two other cloth materials impregnated with rubber on one or both sides. They have been commonly used for many years as hospital sheeting but are now made in soft pastel shades, often with one colour on one side and a different one on the other. They have some merit, but are hard to come by. Delivery on such materials from the manufacturer varies spasmodically from two weeks to three months and in a fast moving age demand is not likely to grow under such conditions. It is almost inevitable that rubber sheeting and proofed cloths will disappear entirely from the market within a few years, leaving however latex sheet which is the most satisfactory of them all for every purpose except rainwear. Properly made up into clothing and carefully looked after, latex sheeting has a much longer life and is an excellent material for the purpose. It is, however, a product which no one makes any effort to sell and its life is probably precarious in the face of severe competition from the plastic sheet industry which is very lively by comparison.

We have thus seen that rubber for the making of clothing is a new material - little older than rayon. Yet it arouses enthusiasms and antagonisms which are on the face of them quite incomprehensible. On a rational level there is no doubt that part of the antagonism is due to an association of rubber with contraceptives, baby pants and hospital sheeting but this is not a complete answer because PVC plastic is today used for all manner of necessary but unpleasant products including baby-pants, cot sheets and chamber pots, yet this material does not arouse the antagonism aroused by rubber. I'd like to relate the interest in rubber clothing first of all to the angle of tactile satisfaction.

Modern Western man dresses at most times in accordance with the dictates of his conscious mind and is deprived of tactile satisfaction by the coarse nature of his clothing. This is contrasted with the tactile satisfactions sought and found by a man of equal standing in an earlier age and also with the tactile satisfactions which are enjoined upon women in our society. The reasons why satisfaction of the sense of touch is so important that the lack of it can make a man unhappy and over anxious, nor why, if he is deprived of over tactile satisfactions he will be forced to seek covert ones. This is at the root of one part of the fascination of rubber.

The material especially with a trace of talc on the surface, is extremely agreeable to the touch. It is cool at first touch it warms rapidly, it is soft to the fingertips. In fact, the tactile satisfaction of rubber sheet such as latex to steam cured rubber is considerable. I have never come across anyone who has claimed that it was in any way disagreeable. In fact, the touch of this material is almost identical with that of the skin. This brings us immediately and precisely to the reason why, from a tactile point of view rubber sheet exercises such

a fascination for so many men and for almost no women. As usual, we have to go back and around a long way to get to our destination.

A new born baby (and it is sometimes difficult to realise that every man and woman has been in this category at one stage), has an early experience of panic due to starvation. A young baby grows hungry and has absolutely no way of knowing that it is ever going to be fed again, nor any way of taking action to relieve its condition. Consequently when a young baby cries, its cries and tears are those of panic fear of starvation and death. However, for some weeks, until it learns by experience, the infant suffers agonies of fear every time it grows hungry. A neglected child or one brought up on the foolish regimen which indicates that it must be fed only at certain fixed hours will, of course, suffer more than a child who is well cared for and whose mother trusts her instincts and the child's cries rather than a set of inflexible rules. But all suffer to some extent. You may feel that this type of experience at such an early age can have no effect on the adult. Surely something which cannot be remembered is forgotten? Not so. The impressions you collect in the first four or five years of your life, a time when you are more capable of storing new impressions than any other, when you learn more skills more quickly than you will ever do again, remain with you all your life. They do, in fact, subside out of consciousness into the unconscious mind during the latency period from about five years to puberty around 12-14 years of age. Then they arise to a subconscious level where they are readily available to the conscious mind and you are stuck with them for the rest of your life, even if you live to be 100 years old. Of course, if the tactile satisfaction were all that rubber offered it would obviously not have any particular attraction. Indeed if this were all, similar satisfaction could be gained by the wearing of a silk shirt or satin pyjamas. A great many men who can afford it do in fact wear silk or satin pyjamas although they are always liable to find themselves under the accusation of effeminacy if they do.

However, the satisfactions obtained from rubber are many and most of them are far more complex than this one of tactile satisfaction. They are not to be found all together in any other material at one time and this is the reason for the special attraction of this material. While we are on this subject of the tactile satisfaction of rubber, let us examine the rightness or

wrongness of the seeking of tactile satisfaction. It is commonly said that *«everything you enjoy is either immoral, illegal, fattening or too expensive»* and in a wry way this sums up the resignation of modern Western man to the petty tyrannies of his life. Our ancestors up to 150 years ago certainly saw nothing immoral or illegal in deliberately seeking tactile satisfaction in their clothing, yet, apart from the privacy of his bedroom or the infrequent periods of foreign holiday or exceptionally hot weather in this country, few men dare seek such satisfaction today.

The wearing of rubber clothing has the effect of temporarily reducing anxiety so you will at once see the connection between rubber clothing and sex, or instinct. Release of anxiety and of tension through this medium must inevitably result in a freeing of instinct and hence in a greater capacity for uninhabited sexual relationships. If this is true, then the use of the word *fetish*, which I have hitherto studiously avoided, is not legitimate in this context. *A fetish is a substitute for reality.* The wearing of rubber clothing is comparable to moderate social drinking in breaking down inhibitions and is neither more or less reprehensible.

Women are unlikely ever to find in rubber clothes the attractions they hold for men. However, it seems to me that while the bad times last and until a new

day dawns, this is an activity in which a chaste, virtuous and kind wife might indulge her husband without in any way demeaning herself. After all, to take a man's money and then draw back in horror from the dark side of his personality is the act of a cad. And while we admit freely that every man has a dark side to his personality we are not blind to the fact that every woman has a dark side to hers as well.

Sent in by a reader. Any comments, especially from women/girls are welcome to our offices. I would also like to know who sent in this piece, because he forgot to insert his address....?

Jürgen Boedt



Christophe Mourthé



Christophe Mourthé



Prélude au Scandale

Christophe Mourthé



Christophe Mourthé



We met in the artgallery "Les Larmes D'Eros" in Paris, and it clicked from the first moment. I asked him if I could do a Secret Magazine cover with one of his pictures. He was trilled and we started of a collaboration of right away and combined his skills with my know how. His talent has made him one of the top fetish photographers of this last decade and his books have known a worldwide success. He just finished a new one: "Prélude au Scandale" which regroupes a selection of fetish imagery of the highest degree. Secret magazine, the famous Boutique Minuit in Brussels and Cristophe Mourthé have reunite their talents are bringing you the **ultimate fetish catalogue** next year Look out for it. In the meantime you can order this fantastic book in Secret Mailorder list. Go for it!

J.B.



Science Fiction & Fetish

4F

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Borg from Star Trek

There exists, ubiquitously, a parallel subculture to fetishism. This subculture is greatly influenced by the fetish culture and vice versa. For decades, Science Fiction has dwelled within the realm of possibilities and, despite its assertive presence in the world, has often faced persecution by society for seemingly outlandish and impossible visions.

H.G. Wells, one of the grandfathers of science fiction endured great criticism and was the recipient of chastisement regarding his visions of the future. Men on the moon, genetic manipulation, alien invasion, time travel - these were the subjects of his great literary works. Indeed, he was ridiculed by many, perceived as a lunatic, but also revered by like minded thinkers. It is the 21st Century and we have had men on the moon, we have spliced genes, we know there is alien life and as for time travel - it awaits us. There is a strong basis for reality in the realm of Science Fiction. It only requires free thought and an open mind to be appreciated and understood for what it truly is - a reflection of our innermost desires - often of a libidinous nature.

Creators of Science Fiction are consumed by theories and hypothesis to the questions: "What if...?" and "Why...?" It should be of no great surprise that these are also questions often asked by the average fetishist. "What if I were a slave?" "What if I wrapped my entire body in saran wrap?" "What if I released the darkest aspect of my soul?" "Why am I stimulated by the scent of leather?" "Why do I almost orgasm from the feel of latex?" And like fetishists, those with a penchant for science fiction tend to have a greater intellect and imagination than the average person - primarily due to their limitless questioning mind. This is not to say that all individuals with a questioning mind are fetishists or that all fetishists have a questioning mind. A true fetishist is simply an individual who is not afraid to ponder and is further unafraid to transform a hypothesis into reality. This is fantasy. In 1/2 harder core+ scenarios, it is called science fiction. Ultimately, it becomes reality because it exists within us and we in turn breathe life into these deep desires.

Science fiction has allowed for outrageous representation of the once-upon-a-time obscured fetishistic sub culture. Fetishism, although a very ancient concept with extensive roots into our past, was not truly defined and given a form until recently, at the onset of its popularization. Fetish fantasy themes run rampant throughout science fiction tales of years past. And perhaps it is this constant barrage of

science fiction in our culture that has led to the refining of fetishism, in addition to a wider acceptance of fetishism in our daily lives. The affect of science fiction upon the mind is tremendous and manifests itself either consciously or subconsciously, paving the way for acquiescence and even indulgence of fetish fantasy play.

Classic science fiction is burgeoning with fetishism and similar Scene activity. In the renowned film "Planet Of The Apes," we are introduced to apes dominating humans, subjecting them to various wicked torments. The humans are virtually naked, weak, caged and subjugated in the most extreme manners. The apes, in their leather costumes, effect a most

menacing attitude of overlord and keeper. There is certainly no lack of humiliation, in this film, and displays of dominance and submission are ever present. In various classic "Star Trek" episodes, the viewer is introduced to matriarchal planets of exotic, often dominant women. There is also a "Space 1999" episode in which there exists a planet of stiletto heeled dominant women, each carrying either a whip or shock stick to command their male prisoners. Truly the stuff of our dreams, desires and even reality for those of us lucky enough to find a compatible partner or two.

One has to wonder what type of mind or individual injected such arousing life into these fantasies for the audience. Was the creator consciously or subconsciously pulling on our most intense yearnings? Was the writer, at long last, finding comfort in expressing her/his own hidden desires within the safety of science fiction - it is, after all, just fantasy! Regardless, Science Fiction is an incredibly productive avenue through which we can, consciously and subconsciously, explore our most obscured longings.

Science fiction, be it television, movies or literature, can influence an open mind even (perhaps particularly) at a young age - arousing fertile ground for future sexual fantasies. This is not to say that all individuals who indulge in science fiction are or will be fetishists, but science fiction is certainly one trigger - and often a popular trigger among those in the Scene. What man presently in his late 20's does not recall watching "Wonder Woman" as a young boy, wishing she would lasso and interrogate him? How many twenty-something girls dreamed about being Julie Newmar's Catwoman in the original "Batman" series - how many



Lynda Carter as Wonder Woman

of these girls would have inflicted real suffering to Batman? And then there's "Star Trek" - a veritable parade of titillating cultures, aliens, double entendres and exploits. Star Trek truly could go where no man has gone before with its story lines simply because it was science fiction and there are no steadfast rules and boundaries in the creation of science fiction.

This seemingly unstructured realm of science fiction feeds, and is fed upon, the deepest recesses of our imagined desires, because similarly, these desires are often as limitless in imagination as science fiction itself. As such, science fiction can be utilized as a means for reaching our often obscured yearnings. As we expose ourselves to science fiction, a specific image or scene tugs on our secret place and arouses very strong sexual emotions. For those of us so inclined, a recreation of that trigger is the ultimate fantasy brought to reality. It is a very powerful fetish indeed.

However, it is not simply science fiction scenarios that attract us, but costuming often plays an integral part in stimulating our fetishistic desires. Once again, without rules, science fiction creators can do as they please. Costumes of leather, latex, chains, PVC etc... the substance and form of these costume creations are endless, and are known to be sexually arousing for most individuals in the scene. The costumes themselves can be as simple as Jane Fonda's "Barbarella," or as bizarre as the Cenobites in "Hellraiser," or as extravagant as the Borg in "Star Trek." This costuming and make-up, combined with a most competent actor, is sure to arouse the most discerning science fiction fetishist.

One very memorable episode of "Star Trek: Deep Space 9" comes to mind at this juncture. Major Kira's character from the episode entitled "Crossover": in the mirror realm, she was the Intendant of Terrak Nor (DS9.) For the role as her double in the mirror universe, she wore a very sleek textured rubber cat suit, stiletto heels, calf hugging boots and a textured rubber bolero jacket. Her strut and vicious attitude was easily an incredible turn-on for many.

What is it exactly about science fiction that stimulates our sexual centre? Likely, it is that many of our innermost often hidden desires are found within this medium. Science



from the movie Planet of the Apes

fiction dares to explore avenues left untouched by mainstream media and entertainment. Science fiction assumes the fans have a higher intellect and consequently the fantasy aspect of science fiction is quite plausible. These recessed fantasies become valid and accepted once they are given form - via the medium of science fiction. Fearless and without boundaries, science fiction creators and partakers are unafraid to transform their dreams into reality. They will never have to be all alone in the night.

On a personal note, I was touched by science fiction at a very young age. I viewed Star Trek every weekend. I poured over the literary works of Larry Niven and H.G. Wells. I was in awe of the science fiction I saw at the cinema. Consequently, it was no surprise to my parents that I began writing science fiction. It wasn't until years later, when my mind began to wander into libidinous territory, that I realized how deeply science fiction affected my psyche and desires. Writing science fiction became a means wherein I could express my fantasies - no matter the content or the extremities of my dreams and fascinations. The works of other science fiction creators was fuel for my own fire.

My love/lust for costumes and imagery began to surface first. The more outrageous the better. Even the 'Creature From the Black Lagoon' was attractive to me as a pre-teen. The haunting scenes of the Alien Ship (from "Alien") stimulated some dark part of myself I was only coming to realize existed. At the time, Clive Barker's Cenobites from "Hellraiser" had to be the most wickedly dressed Science Fiction characters!

At about twelve years of age, I began to appreciate the complexities of plot and character interaction in science fiction. The more brilliant and intellectual the presentation, the stronger the lure and the more profoundly my sexual self was touched. I realized that in science fiction, anything was possible and that it was the ultimate creative medium for the expression of the most bizarre desires. I was very comfortable in the science fiction universe, and this was where my fetishistic desires were born, grew and continue to expand.

One very memorable realization came to me while watching "The Empire Strikes Back," and being introduced to the infamous bounty hunter,



Citizen GKar, a Nam from Babylon 5



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Boba Fett. Aside from his fantastic costume, I adored Boba Fett's impervious and mysterious personality. He was untouchable, and even as a pre-teen, I desired nothing more than to hunt him down and beat him at his own game. I actually wept in "Return of the Jedi" when Boba Fett died, but have recently rejoiced with the knowledge that he did survive. Since my impassioned lust for Boba Fett began, I find myself growing very warm and excited whenever I happen upon a picture, video or audio sample of this character. Obsessive? No. Just an automatic reaction to a pre-teen's discovery that she desires to dominate science fiction oppressors - and dominate period.

A fetish for science fiction never dissipates. There are always new territories, new scenarios and expanding discoveries about oneself and the fantastic world in which we reside. The science fiction fetishist grows more refined with her/his indulgences and desires each year. And like science fiction, there is no limit to the explorations of these desires. Science fiction is an eternal and unequivocal playground for fetish enthusiasts.

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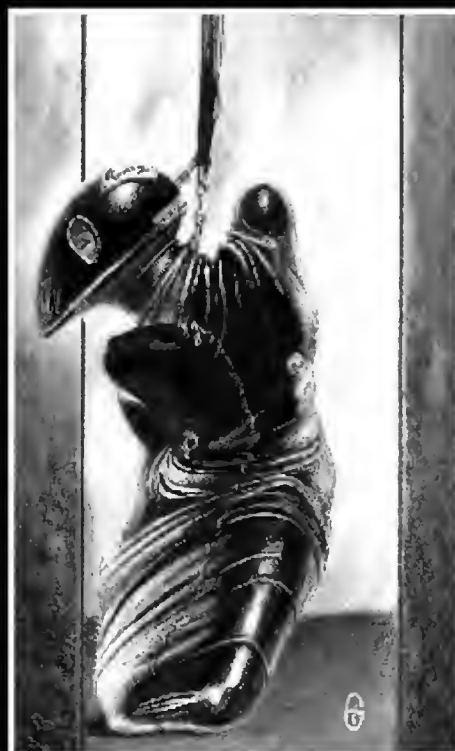
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This German illustrator surprised me one day with these drawings, and as I like to be surprised, I published them. He's looking for authors of articles and stories to work together or cooperation. Here's his number: int. 49.0()8741/8479, ask for Gernot.



The fetish of stockings



“Pantyhose Are The Work Of The Devil!”

by Lou Nigro

The purpose of this article is to give you a bit of background information on Nylon stockings, one of the best thing ever to happen to legs. I will also point out why they are becoming more popular by the day and how they can make your legs look and feel great, either with a business suit or a leather mistress outfit, and everything in between. Hook up your garters and come along for the ride!

Foot coverings have been around for ages, the earliest were made of things like animal hair, leather strips, or woven cloth. They were a far cry from modern stockings and may have added some visual attraction to the wearers feet and legs, though they were used for protection from the elements.

Knit foot and leg coverings have been discovered that date from 3 AD in Egyptian tombs and were made from the available fabrics of the time. The high quality items were undoubtedly worn by the ruling class but even those must have been crude compared to what was to come. Hand-knit stockings evolved into their modern form by the 17th century. Queen Elizabeth I refused a patent to the inventor of the first knitting machine, the Reverend William Lee, because his stockings were coarser than those of fine silk imported from Spain. His improved model made finer stockings, but he was again refused a patent because of the fear that it would harm hand knitters. Lee died in poverty in France about 1610, but his brother returned to England and began the framework-knitting industry.

Lee's machine was so well conceived that it was the only knitting machine for centuries. Its general principles are incorporated in all modern machines, and the bearded-spring needle, part of the original model, is still used in machines producing full-fashioned stockings. Full-fashioned stockings are knit flat, then fashioned, or shaped, by hand manipulation and hand seamed up the back. Knitting is back and forth across the fabric (weft knitting) on a straight-bar machine invented in Loughborough, Leicestershire, England., by William Cotton in 1864. The stocking is started at the top with the welt, an extra-thick section for gartering. The fabric is shaped by reducing the number of needles at the ankle, then adding needles at the heel, and again reducing the number through the foot.

Seamless stockings are knitted on circular machines, brought out in the mid-19th century. For many years such stockings were a straight, knitted tube that did not fit as well as the full-fashioned, because stitches cannot be added or dropped in circular knitting by machine. When nylon yarn was introduced in the 1940s its thermoplastic properties enabled the knitted tube to be permanently formed into the desired shape by heating. By the 1950s seamless stockings were so much improved that most women preferred them. In the 1960s a trend developed toward combining stockings into a single garment, panty

hose and tights, that reached the waist and covered the feet, legs, and hips.

In 1900 about 88 percent of women's stockings were cotton, about 11 percent were wool, and about 1 percent were silk. Over the next 35 years silk and artificial silk (rayon) made steady gains, until the introduction of nylon, which almost immediately replaced all of the silk and much of the rayon. Stocking weight depends on yarn size and the needle spacing of the machine, called gauge. Nylon yarn is measured as denier; the smaller the denier number, the finer the yarn. Gauge is the number of needles per 1.5 inches (3.8 cm) in full-fashioned stockings; the higher the gauge number, the closer the stitches. Sheerness depends on both gauge and denier: 60 gauge, 15 denier is closer knit than 51 gauge, 15 denier, and for that reason is less sheer and wears better even though the yarn is the same size; 60 gauge, 30 denier and 51 gauge, 30 denier are heavier and much less sheer.

Nylon stockings made their debut in the early 1940's as the Full-fashioned Nylons that are still available today from a few sources. They became so popular that the stores could not keep up with demand as they made a woman's legs look and feel as they never had before. They felt good to wear and were sexy as well, a great combination.



© Lou Nigro



© Lou Nigrou

World War II came along and with it production of Nylons came to a halt, the nylon was needed to make powder bags for artillery pieces and parachutes for airmen, sexy legs would have to wait until the war was over. Nylons were worth their more than their weight in gold and the offer of a pair of Nylons in trade for a young woman's favors was not unusual and readily accepted in many cases. Such was the power of a pair of Nylons! The end of WWII made nylon available again for general use and the hosiery manufacturers wasted no time getting the beloved Nylon Stocking back into production. The stores experienced the same run on Nylons as they did at their original introduction and had a hard time keeping up with demand. The women of America had their beloved Nylons back, and the men were quite happy as well!

The 1950's brought new production techniques to the hosiery business, this is when the circular knitting process was perfected. Producing full-fashioned hosiery is a time consuming process, the flat knit mills turned out about 15 pairs/hour and many manual processes were needed to make the Full-fashioned stocking a finished product, such as actually sewing the seam in. The newer circular knit machines turned out much more product in a given time, were easier to maintain, and most of the manual processes were eliminated making them much cheaper to manufacture.

Full-fashioned hung on through the 1950's, though their popularity dropped as their price went up compared to that of the circular knit product. The introduction of pantyhose in the late 1950's and the womens liberation movement really ended production for the Full-fashioned styles. A woman no longer had to put up with the "inconvenience" of a girdle or garter belt to hold her hosiery up, and many threw away their stockings as well as their bras. This was a black era for the girl watchers around the world, the shapeless fashions of the time, along with the lack of nylons, tended to take all of the fun out of the sport. Fashions slowly returned to something more reasonable but the Full-fashioned Nylon was gone, replaced mostly by pantyhose. Some women still wore stockings, but they were the circular knit variety, mostly made of new yarns that had lots of stretch but no sex appeal. Pantyhose, in my humble opinion, have as much sex appeal as an ingrown toenail and have been cited as the cause of a few medical problems as well. I will not go into detail here other than to say that the lack of air circulation in certain

area of the female anatomy has been cited as the cause. As the title of this article states, "Pantyhose are the work of the Devil" and should be banned for the reasons stated above as well as a few others.

Luckily, both for the women of the world and the men who love them, REAL Nylons are making a comeback. The Filtration Nylon is available again to any woman who wants to make her legs more beautiful and sexy, no pair of pantyhose or circular knit stockings can even come close to what a pair of Full-fashioned nylons can do for a beautiful pair of legs. The fit, feel, and sheerness of the Filtration Nylon has never been duplicated. Any woman who has not had a pair should try them at least once in her lifetime, the large majority will be amazed at the effect they produce. When one chooses to wear real nylons, something is needed to hold them up. The garter belt is probably the most popular lingerie item used for this purpose and a carefully chosen one adds to the sexy image produced. There are other lingerie items that will do the job and girdles and Basques are popular choices as well. I have included a short guide that provides excellent advice on how a garter belt should be worn with Nylons. This was written by J on at Touchable and is well worth reading.

Lou Nigro

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A GUIDE TO WEARING SUSPENDERS

by TOUCHABLE

sometimes difficult to know which one is suitable for your needs. In fact, many people will not even realise the problems they can encounter due to believing all suspender belts perform the same function. Just on a minor point, please bare in mind the Americans usage of 'garter belt' instead of suspender belt. Suspenders to us are Garters to them.

What should I look for?

This is answered by asking yourself the circumstances under which the belt will be worn. If it is for everyday wear then it must be comfortable. A light weight item will not pull in the tummy too much which can cause discomfort after a few hours. Make sure the belt has a deep enough top so it doesn't squeeze into your tummy when you sit. If this happens the belt will move on the body too much and cause you to pull it up when standing. The best for day wear would be a light but deep belt to give both moderate tummy support and keep in shape with your body when moving. For evening wear or special occasions the world is your oyster as most belts will stay comfortable for a few hours. Even then there are lots of problems.

The main one is that stockings can drag the belt down. This can happen for two reasons, firstly your stockings are too short or have insufficient elasticity to counteract being stretched at the knee when bending or sitting. The second is that the suspender belt straps are too short, again limiting the available lengthening when stretched. Ensure your belt has different length straps. On a four strap belt the fronts should be between 1 and 2" shorter than the side pair. On a six strap the side pair should be 1" longer than the front and back pair 2" longer than the front. Reason being, your bottom is obviously larger than your thigh and stretching when sitting means the straps are pulled to their maximum.

Adjust the belt according to hosiery. If using stockings with lycra content then keep the straps tight. With 100% nylon make sure the back or side pair of straps are able to keep wrinkles at bay without pulling the belt when sitting. It means a compromise as 'Tight isn't always right'.

If wearing a Basque think about whether it is with or without shoulder straps. With shoulder straps means your shoulders are supporting the weight and stretch of the hosiery. Without shoulder straps your hosiery is very much in control unless the Basque is very heavily boned. As this is rarely the case let the side straps have a little move freedom to take up the strain when sitting. Corsetry can solve a lot of problems as it is designed to enhance the figure by molding its shape around you whilst at the same time tucking in bits here and moving bits out there. With the corset you should have little problem with hosiery apart from the one described next.

I hear you say 'My belt is comfortable, my stockings are wrinkle free, so why do my seams move round like they have a mind of their own?' Simple! Strap positioning. This

is one the most important points regarding a suspender belt purchase. On a four strap belt the straps are generally placed to the side. If you have very slim legs they may hold your hosiery well, but any larger and side straps will move round to the front when you bend. Get a belt with long straps positioned nearer to the back. In this position it is difficult for the straps to win a battle with your bottom. Test a belt to see which way it moves your straps and seams when sitting. Do this a few times and then keep adjusting where you place the clips on the stocking welt. Eventually you will find a happy medium.

With six straps the rear most pair should be well to the back. These should be clipped to your hosiery just above the finishing loop on the welt. "Hey presto! my seams are straight at the top but moving at the ankle." Unfortunately that is a problem with your footwear and that's another story.

Also included here is another article written by J on that deals with the manufacturing process used in making a Full-fashioned Nylon. You will be surprised to find that it is a very complex process, so read on and be educated!

WHAT IS A FULLY-FASHIONED STOCKING?

Each stocking is knitted by machine as a flat piece of



material which is in the shape of a leg. The stocking must then have a seam sewn in to hold it together. Any modern stocking has a seam for effect which is sewn in after the stocking is made in a tube shape. Take the seam out of a fully-fashioned stocking and it will be un-wearable but a modern stocking could still be worn. The fully-fashioned machinery was made in 1956. Each machine is 60 feet long and 12 tons in weight. They must be kept at a temperature of 84 degrees Fahrenheit in order to function properly. With 16,000 needles per machine they need constant attention and take one hour to produce only 30 legs. After manufacture each stocking is seamed, one at a time. People often ask why there is a hole at the top of the seam. This is called 'the finishing loop' which cannot be eliminated as the seaming machinist has to finish the seam turning the stocking top (called 'the welt') in a circle. Every stocking is manufactured white and must be colour dyed. They must then be 'Boarded' where each stocking is pulled over a flat metal leg and steamed. This tightens the knit, defines the leg shape correctly and removes the creases. Thereafter each stocking is checked for size to ensure pairs match. Quality control for faults large and small can mean 40% of production can be lost. Such intense work is not financially viable to a large profit inclined company who need to produce as many units as possible in the least space and at the least cost. The stockings currently offered are made with fine 15 denier yarns and have either a Point or Cuban (block) heel. One fascinating aspect of fully-fashioned stockings is the possible variety of heel styles. Research is currently being undertaken to re-create unique designs from the 1950's. With 8 colours currently available you are never stuck for choice. More colours will be tested and contrast colours are a probability, where the seam is a different colour to the stocking. Every design change is a major operation as computers are of no use to the delicate but substantial machinery. Every pattern is on a continual chain of 120 feet and about 10" wide which has studs pressed into the links. These studs tell the machine what it should do, so every design needs a new stud pattern which is a huge operation.

WHO WEARS FULLY FASHIONED STOCKINGS?

Who wears them? People all over world buy from us due to their ability to supply a very popular but rarely made item. Customers order from the USA to Australia, Japan to South Africa, Argentina to Israel. Nowhere ignores the fully-fashioned stocking. No one single item evokes memories of the 1950's which for many young and not so young feel was the age of totally femininity. As tights became available interest in fully-fashioned started to wane. They are now worn by women who are confident about their status in relation to men but also wish to highlight their feminine style. They are worn for effect as some ladies know they will be noticed for their legs which can be a genuine psychological boost to their personal self-worth. They are worn as a fashion statement, particularly when events such as Madonnas film 'Evita' is riding high in peoples minds. Wearers also say the yarn is incredibly fine but warm and its ability to enhance any leg is worth a fortune. The seamed stocking creates a partial optical illusion which can make any leg look slightly slimmer. A slim leg appears a longer leg as the eye is drawn to the seam which reduces the apparent calf width. They can be worn with clothing that is formal or casual but never fail to be evocative. There was a suggestion from some quarters that such stockings are

worn by ladies of low morals. Where that idea comes from is unknown as some of the most upstanding female celebrities, businesswomen and politicians wear fully-fashioned stockings.

The most popular colour may be thought to be black, but the introduction of an old favourite called 'Bitter Chocolate' has put paid to that. If you want the appearance of subtly tanned legs the 'Bitter Chocolate' is for you. Other colours include Navy, Pewter, Red, Natural, White and Ivory. Ivory is very popular with brides as they are then wearing something 'old' in style although new in manufacture. To wear a piece of history, a personal statement and a very feminine item all at one time, only genuine fully-fashioned stockings will do. The remaining stocks of old brands are nearly gone and are actually increasing in value. Collectors from around the world try to obtain fully-fashioned stockings from every source possible. The packaging has always been superb which increases the value, particularly if in good condition. Some original's can be worth up to \$200. So if you have a pair unworn and in packaging keep them safe.

Nylons as a fetish item.

Many fetish related pictures of women show them wearing Nylons as they add a great deal to the image and it's appeal. They go along with spike heel shoes, boots, and many items that can be classified as fetish lingerie. The naked female form is very sexy even when a woman is naked, but the addition of lingerie, nylons, and a pair of high heels add to the image. Many people consider the partially clad woman to be sexier than a naked woman and the addition of garments that hide her nakedness to a degree adds to the image. Most pin-up pictures always have the woman partially clothed for that reason, the image has a greater appeal.

Fetish clothing is no different and it is well known that a pair of high heels gives the female body a sexier look as it causes her to stand in a manner that emphasizes her breasts and derriere. Add a pair of real nylons to the picture and you have a great result as the high heels and nylons add to each others appeal and produce an effect that is more than just the sum of the two. I have included two photos that show what a pair of quality nylons adds to the effect.

There is no match for a pair of Full-fashioned nylons. The detail that goes into a quality product can't be matched by a modern circular knit product. The back seam produces an effect that leads the viewers eye either up towards the womans hips, or down towards her spiked heels, and the finishing loop at the top of the stocking adds another sexy detail that is not found on any other nylon stocking. The total effect is amazing!

Luckily Full-fashioned nylons are available, although from a limited number of sources. They are only manufactured in three countries by a small group of people who produce them on machinery made in the 1950's. There are also a number of sources for vintage nylons, but they tend to be more expensive and as their numbers decrease will be harder to find.

My search for a quality Full-fashioned nylon led me to a manufacturer in England who makes the highest quality, most detailed stocking available in the world. These are top quality nylons with a look, fit, and feel that do the original

1940's product justice, these are the real thing! Some of the pictures included here attempt to show the detail workmanship of these nylons, but having an actual pair to look at and wear is the only way to appreciate the quality.

The nylons are available from two sources, one in United States and one in the England. They are the same product from the same manufacturer in England. Contact information is included at the end of this article and both outlets have Web pages on the Internet that makes them easy to order via the Internet, FAX, or mail. Also included are recommendations on which source you should order from to get the best price, shortest shipping time to you, etc. based on where you are located in the global community.

Do yourself, and if you are a gentleman, your lady a favor by trying a pair or two, neither of you will be disappointed. Full-fashioned nylons are coming back into style and many orders come from business women that wear them on a daily basis, they are not only for the bedroom and are making it back into the mainstream where they rightfully belong, they are a true fashion item.

I will say it once again, "Pantyhose are the work of the Devil" and you can help stamp them out by stepping into Full-fashioned nylons, you will be glad that you gave them a try.

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Both of these sources stock the same product. If you live outside of these areas you may order from either source. Your decision on where to order from should be based on possible customs charges, exchange rates, etc..



Jacques Leurquin



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Secret Magazine is preparing a new book on the famous fetish photographer **Jacques Leurquin**. Here are some pictures to warm up your appetite and to announce the outcomming of the book: **FETISH & FANTASMATIQUE**. Order it now as this will be a limited edition!

The feeling of this silk-like leg

fiction By
Frank Sinclair

Susie was a troubled child. Maybe it had something to do with the extremely bitter divorce her parents put her through. Maybe it had something to do with the way her mother seemed to loathe men; or the fact her mom ended up shacking up with a lesbian lover. It's hard to say. Then again all of this took place when Susie was only 7 years old.

To her good fortune, Susie ended up with her dad. He was very strict, but very fair. This was something Susie needed in order to help keep her in line. Fast-forward to the 10th grade. Susie is now 15 years old, and is as developed as any woman, and really feeling her femininity. It was during 3rd period, in chemistry class lab that Kristi first started to tease Susie about wearing a skirt, nice blouse, high heels and black seamed nylons. Susie knew the girl was only envious, but still, she would not let it rest. She told Kristi to "stick it where the sun don't shine." That was all it took for Kristi to blow her stack, especially after all the kids in the class started to laugh at her, saying things like: "Stick it, Kristi. Stick it!"

Suddenly, right in the middle of chem. lab, Kristi reached over and pulled Susie's hair, hard enough to bring her down to the floor, causing her skirt to ride up high, exposing her black garter straps and gleaming metal garters, as well as the tops of a pair of very long full fashioned nylons. Susie got up off the floor and threw a karate style focus punch at Kristi's nose, breaking it in one shot! Kristi's nose began to bleed profusely, and she started to bawl like a baby, feeling the obvious discomfort of a nose that was now facing to the left, broken into its new position. The teacher, Ms. Martin, was helplessly watching from the front of the classroom, and shrieked out: "Susie, Kristi, stop NOW!" She ran to the back of the classroom and, seeing the blood and the two girls with disheveled hair and clothing, ordered them to the Principal's office.

Principal Jones was a very stern man. He immediately had the two girls suspended from school for one week, which was the penalty for fighting in school. He also had Ms. Martin call in the parents, so that she could explain to them what had gone on.

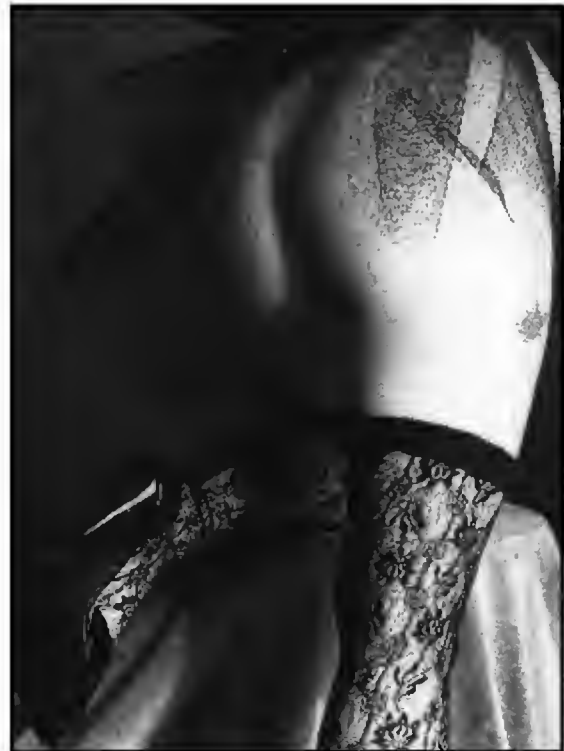
Susie's dad came to the school immediately, since his office was only two blocks away from the school. He walked into Ms. Martin's classroom, and since it was lunch period, all the students were in the cafeteria. As he walked in, he was prepared for the worst. All he got out of the conversation was that his daughter was involved in a fight and that a broken nose was involved. As he walked toward Ms. Martin, in the midst of the whole excitement of the moment, he happened to glance down at her legs and noticed she was wearing tan stockings with reinforced heels and toes, since part of the reinforced heels were peeking up over the backs of Ms. Martin's shoes. Since he was a total legman, this caught him unaware and caused him to gulp and get that familiar

butterflies in the stomach feeling you get when you see something that really turns you on. So, flushed by this display, and nervous about his daughter's suspension from school, he was caught between emotions. "Good afternoon Ms. Martin, I'm John Dale, Susie's dad," he said, extending his nearly trembling hand toward Ms. Martin.

Ms. Martin was smiling and said: "How do you do, I'm Judith Martin, Susie's chemistry teacher. Please sit down Mr. Dale. Principal Jones wanted me to notify both parents about what happened at school today. Susie was involved in a fight with a classmate; a girl called Kristi, and ended up breaking Kristi's nose."

"Susie broke another girls nose? Oh my God! I don't know what to say. I've been working so hard with that girl. Ever since my divorce, she hasn't been the same. Thank goodness the judge awarded me custody, but still, as you probably know, it's hard for a single parent to be able to provide the special environment only a two parent family can provide."

"Oh, I know Mr. Dale. It's not easy. Actually, I've never before today had a problem of any kind with Susie. She is a hard worker and always hands in her assignments on time and, in fact, currently has an average in the course. That's why I was so amazed that something like this should have happened. Of course, she was practically driven to it because Kristi taunted her about the way she was dressed," Ms. Martin said, with a trace of a smirk on her



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face.

"Oh yeah, was Susie wearing something inappropriate to school today? If so, I would be very angry, since I wouldn't allow her to do something like that Ms. Martin."

"Actually, Mr. Dale, Susie looked very lovely today. She was wearing a nice chiffon blouse, with a knee length black pleated skirt. In fact, she appeared to look a lot more mature than her 15 years in her 3-inch patent leather heels and black, seamed stockings. I would have to say that she looked like a Cosmo model if anything," Ms. Martin practically cooed.

It seemed as if Ms. Martin actually enjoyed the fact Susie dressed well, and, sensing this, he though he'd put in a word or two about it.

"So she's wearing seamed stockings to school. I told her she might get less than good comments about that style of hose. I'm in the hosiery business and I deal in, of all things, antique and rare styles. Naturally, Susie probably has one of the most extensive hosiery collections of any girl and has not only seamed stockings, but also all types of styles of stockings, thigh highs and panty hose. Why she chose to wear seamed hose to school seems silly to me. But then again, we have more serious issues at hand here," he said, not wanting to sound as if he was disinterested in the fight between the girls.

"On the contrary Mr. Dale, I think that the trouble with kids today is the fact they insist on dressing like slobs. Then when one of them tries to dress decently, the rest often seem to gang up on the hapless kid. In this case, there was no problem with Susie's outfit, especially among the ogling boys, but it must have hit Kristi's hot button, since the moment Susie walked into the room, Kristi gave her a "dagger-eyed" look.

I kind of knew something was going to happen." At that point, Ms. Martin crossed her leg, causing the unmistakable sound of

nylon rubbing against nylon that only 'real' stockings could produce. Another sign to Susie's dad that these were indeed real stockings and that he wasn't seeing things when he saw the reinforced heels of her hose.

"You know, it's funny you should say that Ms. Martin, since I recently wrote a small piece in Woman's Wear Daily about how grunge fashion has totally distorted fashion-sense in young women today."

"Please call me Judy."

"In that case call me John. But anyhow, I know you've got to be busy and I don't want to take up too much of your time with fashion trivialities Judy"

"Actually, all I needed was for you to sign this form, acknowledging you were advised as to the reason for Susie's suspension from school, and that we discussed the matter and that you would take further corrective action, etc."

John looked over to Judy and saw her skirt slowly slide up, exposing a Hanes stocking top. John knew this because of the unique colored band at the very top of the stockings. He again lost his breath and began to feel his face flush, and his organ rise at this glorious sight. He knew Judy liked to wear hose. What a prospect. The only thing was would it appear improper to ask her out. Throwing caution to the winds, John looked at Judy and said: "Judy, I know this may seem the politically incorrect thing to ask, but would you consider having dinner with me. I get the feeling you and I might have a lot to talk about, not only about Susie, but about the hosiery business," as he casually glanced down at her stockings, smiling.

"I'm flattered you asked. To be very honest, and I'm not sure if this is politically correct, I first noticed you during the first parent/teacher conference last semester, and I was very impressed. I would love to go to dinner with you John," she said, feeling almost giddy with excitement, knowing that her nylons produced such a reaction in a man who probably had been more than used to seeing women in gartered hose.

"Where should I pick you up?" So Judy gave John her home address and they agreed he should pick her up at 8 p.m.

Later that afternoon, Judy literally ran home to see what outfits she had available, since she wanted to make a lasting impression on John Dale. Looking through her closet, she noticed she had a long, evening dress, in black, with plenty of sequins and custom embroidery. It was slightly below the knee, which would give her an opportunity to do some really naughty things underneath it. Her mind was racing with all the possibilities. Black lace teddies, corsets, corselets; garter belts, six strap open bottom girdles, and all kinds of sexy doodads. Judy was breathless, as she was a single woman, 35 years of age and never married. Here was the opportunity to go out with what seemed to be a genuinely decent man, who was obviously very well to do, and he wanted to take her out. Ultimately, Judy tried on her black satin and lace garter belt with the six garter straps. She figured John was in the antique nylons business and this garter belt was from the mid 1950's and would go well with her black, Gotham Gold Stripe, full fashioned nylons. This combo would make her feel adequate. She also tried on her brand new "Miracle Bra," with the power to make her 36D boobs look even fuller. The top of the dress was cut low enough to let the bulging boobs look delectable to the eye. Next, Judy tried on at least 15 pairs of her various heels, until she found just the right pair: a pair of D'Orsay high heel pumps, with 4 1/2 inch heels. They were black, patent leather and were genuine Bally shoes, which she had treated herself to a year ago, but had never worn. She looked at herself in the mirror and said: "God you look gorgeous." She did look great, being 5'8" even without the heels,

she topped out at a tad over 6' with them on. Her long, jet-black hair, along with her beautiful deep blue eyes, set off the entire ensemble to perfection. "Now all I need to do is do something with this hair," she thought out loud.

Suddenly she realized it was 5:30 and she wouldn't have much more time to fiddle around, so she jumped right into the shower and turned on the pulse dial on the shower head to firm pulse. As the warm water began to hit her body, she enjoyed the prickly sensation of the water as it came out of the shower. It felt great on her already swollen and sensitive nipples, and caused her to shudder in pleasure, as she thought about the robust, 6'5" John Dale who would be picking her up soon. She closed her eyes and slowly rubbed the soap all over her body, feeling a whirlwind of sensations. When she reached her nipples they immediately got rock hard and she felt her love tunnel tingle and get wet at the simple thought of kissing John. She just knew he would be a good kisser. She liked the shape of his lips: full and masculine. His smile, his gentle and caring manner. It was here that Judy felt the urge to play with herself while the water swirled around her, making her feel warm and sexy. Slowly at first, she played with her love button imagining it was John doing the playing. Judy thought him running his tongue up and down her chest, circling her nipples, and ultimately with his sucking them into erect tips. The thought of this was driving Judy wild with ecstasy, and she began to frig herself harder and harder. At last she imagined John actually lying back with her positioning herself over his swollen member, and feeling him inside her. God, that would be the first time in years she'd be making love with anyone, since her scoundrel fiancé had run off with her best friend 5 years earlier. Increasingly, Judy felt the waves of pleasure begin to envelope her as she worked herself to orgasm, fantasizing about John. She ended up sliding down and laying in the tub, as the shower continued its relentless stream all over her face and breasts as she had one of the most mind-shattering orgasms of her life. She came and came and came. It was one wave after another, as she literally squirted a fair amount of liquid into the tub from her lava hot vagina.

Looking up, Judy looked at the clock in the bathroom. The time was now 6:45 p.m. and she still had to do her hair and nails! Bolting from the tub, she quickly dried herself off and started to towel dry her long black hair, anticipating putting styling mousse in it and blowing it dry. Her hands were trembling. She knew she turned on John, but she wanted to really hook him in. For once, her hair actually puffed out just right, making for a beautiful head of hair. Judy then did her eye and face makeup, with that special, charcoal eye shadow, black eyeliner, black Ultra Lash mascara, and a really red ultra glossy lipstick. Her lips said: "Kiss me, lick me, suck me!"

Moving on to her bedroom, she opened her lingerie drawer and found her black satin and lace, six-strap garter belt. This garter belt had strong metal garters and the original triangular adjustment tabs with the teeth that adjusted the garters and kept them put. It was specially made for full-fashioned hose, since the extra garter helped to keep the seams straight. Next, Judy reached into her closet. Inside, stacked neatly, were no less than 20 dozen of various boxes of stockings, from 50's to 70's. Judy pulled out the Gotham Gold Stripe box that contained jet black, full-fashioned stockings in size 11L. Judy knew these nylons would come way up on her legs, just the way she liked it. The straps on the garterbelt could adjust to a tiny 2" long in the front and about 3" in the back, allowing her to wear opera length stockings. This garter belt also allowed Judy to wear her extra long seamless stockings with her shorter skirts, with no one being aware of the fact. She lay the stockings on her bed and put on the garter belt. Sitting on the bed, she opened the box and removed a pair of those ultra sheer, plain knit stockings from foil Gold Stripe wrapper. The smell of nylon



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was evident as she extended the stockings in front of her, and she pressed her nose into the hose, to breathe in the nylon smell. This was a habit she had gotten into since she slipped into her first pair of nylons at age 10. Judy also got into the habit of putting on her right stocking first, the one without the imprint on the welt. She gathered the stocking down to the toe and turned it inside out. Then she re-gathered the stocking to the toe, extended her right leg, pointing her toes, and slipped the stocking over her perfect size 8 foot. Keeping the toes pointed, Judy pulled the stocking over the back of her foot, making sure the square-topped Cuban heel came up good and high up the back of her ankle. The Cuban heel extended up about 5 1/2" up the back of her foot, leaving a 3 1/2" bit

of reinforced heel to show over the backs of her shoes. She knew this was an important detail, since John was a consummate expert in the hosiery arena. Slowly, sexily, Judy kept her toes pointed, as she gently pulled the gossamer material over her ankles, then her knees, and finally all the way to the top of her right thigh. The nylon felt sooooo smooth. It was a feeling she cherished since she was a kid. No pair of panty hose could ever feel this soft and smooth. Butterflies got started in her stomach, as she felt hot, thinking about how sexy this ensemble was starting to look. Judy pulled up the other stocking, making sure she kept the seam straight, and the imprint on the welt showing on the front left part of her thigh. Judy had remembered that turning one of the stockings inside out would make them rub together much more silkily. As an 8th grade, she was able to bring herself to orgasm just by rubbing her stockinged thighs together, even while standing at the school lunch line. Next came the panties. Judy pulled out a pair of ultra sheer jet-black panties. There were made of sheer 15 denier nylon and framed her great shaped hips and pubic area to perfection. The Wonder Bra of black stretch satin was the great topper, making her breasts stand out like perfectly round melons. A tasty invitation

if ever there was one. Judy slipped her black evening dress on over this lingerie and her body took on a whole new look. Sheer witchery. She looked divine and she knew it. Slipping on her D'Orsay patent leather pumps, she immediately felt empowered.

Judy was drying her nails when the doorbell rang. John was standing at the door with a big smile on his face. Somehow, he had known to dress up too, as he was standing there in a black tuxedo, with a black satin tie. John's tall frame was especially handsome in that well cut suit and Judy melted in his presence. "Come in John," she motioned him into the sitting room.

"Thank you," John said, as he walked into the house. "My, you look stunning, Judy!" he said, without the slightest bit of hesitation. Judy looked like a model.

"Thanks John. I try."

"Try? You could be dressed in grunge and look super, Judy."

"Well John, you look pretty darn good yourself!"

"I try," he said grinning, hoping she really did like the way he looked.

John went to Armand's Bistro, a quiet, small French restaurant in the silk-stockings district of town. It was expensive in there, but it also kept out all those loud, stupid diners that seemed to be a part of the restaurant scene anymore. The maitre d' escorted them to their table in a secluded corner of the restaurant. Once seated John reached over and said: "Judy, I don't know how to tell you this, but I think you are the hottest woman I have ever seen. Ever!" He then put his hand behind her head, gently pulling her closer to him, and he planted a soft, warm kiss on her lips. Judy returned the kiss and parted her lips and sought his tongue. They engaged in a passionate first kiss, with tongues dancing and heat rising. When they separated, Judy exclaimed: "Good lord, John. I'm breathless!"

"Me too, Judy. You are a great kisser. How is it that any man in his right mind could possibly have missed you?"

"To tell you the truth. After I was dumped, I just dove into my teacher role, forgetting the outside world almost completely. Once in a while, I'd get a compliment or two, but I never paid them any mind. I was, after all, quite bitter."

"Well, let me tell you. You deserve a lot more than compliments," John said, as he took the initiative and placed his hand on the top of her leg. He noticed even though she was wearing a pair of real stockings that he wasn't near the garter. The stockings had to be very long, he thought, his rod feeling that old familiar tinge, as it filled up with blood into a rock-hard boner. Sliding his hand up

slowly, he felt Judy place her hand over his. Thinking she was going to stop him, he froze on the spot. Judy instead, led his hand to the top of the stocking, where the garter was attached, way at the top of her leg.

John's eyes opened wide. "You've got on one heck of a long pair of hose love."

"Yes, I just love to wear extra long nylons. I enjoy the way they rub when I cross my legs or walk, etc.," Judy cooed.

With that, she lifted the hem of her dress and placed John's hand on her stockinged thighs, closing her eyes with the incredible pleasure the feeling of his warm hand on her hot legs produced. Judy breathed deep and sighed, as John teasingly squeezed the inside of her thigh, while he totally enjoyed the feeling of this silk-like leg. Judy decided to slip off her high heels and began to slide her stockinged foot up John's leg. The feel of her nylon-

encased foot on the bare skin of his ankle made his cock jump even more to attention, as he continued to trace her nyloned legs under the dress. He reached over and they began another super passionate kiss and Judy, now getting into orgasm stage warmly whispered in his ear: "Oh John, you are getting me so hot. I'm so wet, just thinking about you touching me. Slide your hand all the way up and stroke my clit, darling."

"Oh, Judy, are you wearing sheer nylon panties?"

"Yes!"

"Oh my God. I can't believe it. You must have read my mind. I absolutely adore sheer nylon panties. Are they black too?"

"Yes." And with that, Judy looked around, and noticing no one was around, she completely lifted the dress, exposing her entire legs and sheer panties to John's gaze and amazement.

John slid his finger underneath the side of the panties and found Judy's clit and immediately began to rub her already

hardened clit. This caused Judy to have an immediate orgasm, with a little bit of juice squirting on John's hand. John then felt Judy pull down the zipper of his pants and she pulled out his enormous member and began to stroke it, while he maintained his motions on her clit. Judy then sat all the way back, removing John's hand from her clit. She raised her feet and placed them on John's turgid cock, which by this point had grown an additional inch or two, out of the sheer excitement. With John's cock between her feet, Judy began to pump his organ very slowly, gently, in order not to scrape the delicate skin. John closed his eyes and put his head back. The feeling of such soft, silky nylon, encasing



soft, baby-smooth soles was almost too much for him to bear. He felt an impending orgasm welling up deep inside. Judy felt the throbs of his prick and eased up enough for the feeling to slow down a bit. She was obviously experienced in this type of foot play.

“Where did you learn how to do a ‘foot job?’”

I saw a movie a while ago featuring a woman called Juliet Anderson. It was called Aunt Peg, and in it she lay on her stomach and had the guy put his organ between her stockinged feet. It looked like they both really enjoyed it, so I figured I’d give it a try. Actually, this is the first time I’ve done it.”

“Good grief, you’re a natural, Judy,” John exclaimed, obviously out of breath. “Could you please just keep going, j-j-j-jusss-just like th-th-thaaat! John kept peeking at those perfectly shaped toes, with red nail polish showing through the reinforced toes of her nylons. He stole peeks at her perfect calves, ankles, long, sexy legs, her six garter straps, sheer panties, and before he knew it: “Oh, Judy. Yes, baby, fuck my cock with your feet, honey. Yes, yes, yes, oh, ohhhhh, ohhhhhhhhhhh, I’m cu-cu-cu-cumming! Ooooh, yes. Oh baby, you’re so good,” John exhorted, as he exploded all over Judy’s stockinged feet. Thick ropes and streams of hot, white cum were soaking her feet, causing Judy to have her own second orgasm at the feel of the warm cum hitting her feet.

“What a first course, Judy,” John managed to say, when he regained his composure

“You know it, John.”

“I get the feeling we’ve got a lot to talk about,” John smiled.

“I get the feeling you are absolutely right,” Judy replied, thinking about the possibilities.





Spirituality

&

Ritual

Spirituality & Ritual

by Trevor Jacques

Spirituality means different things to different people. Nietzsche said: **«Our certain duty is to develop ourselves, to expand ourselves wholly in all our potentialities. It is to succeed in becoming fully what we feel ourselves to be. What we want is to become ourselves. Nothing that is should be suppressed. Nothing is superfluous.»** That potential is different for everyone, as is the way to attain it. Many have found that their route to wholeness includes pain. Ecstatic rites involving pain are found in most cultures. In Africa, we find scarification at puberty, and rites of



passage involving pain at or before marriage and other rituals. In Australia and New Guinea, circumcision and subincision form part of some rites. In India, sadhus suspend themselves by flesh hooks in the body, as do some of the North American tribes (e.g. the now illegal Oh-Kee-Pa ritual). In Java and other parts of Asia, there are many examples of piercing. And then there's Christianity.... The Christians seem to have cornered the market in self-flagellation, for which they devised many instruments. They also brought methods of torture to a fine art. Yet another way to integrate ritual and SM is ecstatic shamanism (a term coined by Fakir Musafar to describe the role of a facilitator, i.e. having experience leads to the ability to guide the experience of another).

These days, there appear to be three main reasons that people turn to SM spirituality. First: many people feel forms of alienation; from society, and from themselves. No one likes to feel cut off from his/hersociety, nor do most people like to feel that their head is wholly separate from their body. For these people, there is a void, and, for some, SM spirituality helps build the bridge across it. Many of those who feel a void also find that everyday thinking results in a heavy, low state of being that involves thoughts of the past and future, but very little of the present, of simply being. Between these two states one can consider another state, of doing, but not yet simply being. The gap for these people lies between the weight of being a thinking entity to the lightness of one who simply is.

Second: Some feel disenchanted with organized religion. They disagree with the formalism and dogma associated with such structured worship and codified Gods and/or spirituality. They want to experience their God first-hand, by whichever route they feel is needed for communion with that God and/or the inner self. Alternatives to organized religion are becoming more common. If organized religion doesn't work, many are quite willing to try alternative Paths to worship and internal spirituality, such as rituals of their own devising.

Often, ritual will involve the use of candles, percussive instruments (e.g., drums and sticks), and a goal or purpose for the ritual itself, to set the atmosphere. It can be regarded as high drama for those whose lives feel hard and dull, possibly lacking in eroticism. It can evoke very powerful moods, emotions, and motivations. For these people, ritual can provide empirical evidence of the sublime, in the way that others might go into rapture over a ballet or an opera. There are three basic phases of ritual. Before the ritual, a person may feel that daily life is mundane and that there is something else to life: the sacred and the profane. These two are alternate sides of the same coin, in that they are, literally, extraordinary: unlike the daily grind. In times past, spirituality and eroticism were inextricably linked (e.g., the Beltane fires in England), but today they appear to be separated. Many would like to bring them together again. The second phase of ritual is during the ritual itself. It is a liminal period, where a state of limbo and/or confusion may occur, and it might extend beyond the ritual. (If the ritual is an SM scene, it is important for the Top to ensure that there is clear communication with the Bottom at this point.) The final phase of ritual is a new state of being or awareness, where people describe a feeling of being connected to something beyond themselves; of some thing or some thought that can improve them and their lives; and of having learnt something more about themselves. It could be described as a new form of reality for that person.

The third reason for turning to SM spirituality is that, in the search for meaning in their life, some find that actual experience is more important to them than any form of rote



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or dogma. This could include forms of physical and/or mental testing, and ritual. There is often an overlap between the three reasons for the search for spirituality. In the modern, western world, there are very few physical rites of passage that are also spiritual. Certainly, there are currently few organized, religious means to put a person into an state of altered consciousness. There are many paths to SM spirituality. Sex and tantra (the use of sex, other forms of eroticism, and sometimes breath control to alter consciousness), scourging and/or flagellation, and blood control can be used alone or in combination to good effect. Blood control can include «body play» (another term coined by Fakir Musafar) with constriction, cutting, piercing, and/or puncturing the skin. Other paths include changing the body state, such as with breath control (controlling the intake and pace of intake oneself or by another), and chanting and singing. If carefully managed, masks, hoods, and gags can all be used in this context, and can lead to very powerful feelings and states. Dancing and drumming can also induce altered states, particularly if used with forms of breath control. Likewise, meditation and trance can alter states, but many people find it difficult to set aside the time. A trance state can be attained through dancing and drumming, and flagellation and blood control, and these may be an easier way than chanting «ah-oom» for hours at a time. (We know of some people who can reach trance states just by doing housework, so not everyone needs SM or religion to get there.) Exhaustion has been used as a path to spirituality, but it also takes time to get there this way. (It could also be very dangerous in an SM context, due to one's diminished concentration when in this state.)

The ceremonial sacraments can be used to attain an altered state. We are careful here to separate the term recreational drugs from drug initiation. Using the sacraments during ritual initiation is an advanced practice. It does not work well with any form of SM practice, because the person using the drug cannot properly assess the risks involved. Also, the «set» and «setting» (Timothy Leary's terms for the state of mind of the person using the drug and the environment in which the drug is taken, respectively) can drastically alter the effects of most drugs. This is particularly true for psychedelic drugs. If you involve a mind trip with the drug, you might end up with semi-permanent or permanent psychological damage. Please inform yourself well before you decide to use any ceremonial sacrament/drug. (The section on Mind Altering Substances has some more details on drugs and their use.)

Many use rites of passage and body play to attain their altered states. These can include contortion (gymnastics, yoga exercises, enlargements of piercings, stretching parts

of the body like the labia, lips, or ears, cupping (suction cups on the back), high heel shoes, and foot binding); constriction (mummification, compression, ligatures, belts, tight clothes, body presses, and other forms of bondage); deprivation (food and/or senses, attention control, restriction of movement, isolation boxes, bondage suits, bags, multiple layers of clothing (this can be dangerous because you're playing with the homeostasis of the whole body), and sound and light deprivation); encumberment (the use of heavy objects like anklets, leg irons, etc. to restrict the person's movement); heat (sun tanning, electricity, baths, sweat lodges, branding, burning, etc.); penetration/invasion (flagellation, puncturing, piercing, spikes and skewers, tattoos, beds of nails, and ball dancing); suspension (by the ankles, wrists, etc., or by flesh hooks); and forms of sensory overload (light, sound, and mind fucks, all of which can cause the mind to shut off).

That's quite a list, particularly since they could all be mixed in varying quantities. Both those who enjoy SM and those who practice alternate spiritualities are likely to recognize or to have practised many of them. This easily accounts for much of the crossover from SM to spirituality and vice versa. These activities can lead to ecstasy, which has been described by Terence McKenna as «a complex emotion containing elements of joy, fear, terror, triumph, surrender and empathy.» Broadly, the states of ecstasy occur at the lowest level in the body (sensation), and proceed through the heart (catharsis), to the head (insight), where the greatest rewards tend to be found. Descriptions of physical ecstasy include self reward and feelings of extreme vitality and well-being. Catharsis from SM can cause forms of release and purification, and communion with one's partner or one's self. Many describe the rewards from insight as a powerful increase in knowledge and self knowledge, creativity, understanding, and further, intellectual communion.

The ecstatic states can provide positive loss of inhibition (also called boundary ecstasy), i.e. loss of personal limitations, fears, sorrows, desires, and attachments); loss of senses of time or place; loss of structured thoughts in the forms of words and images; and, ultimately, loss of the controlled self (also known as ego dissolution). There is a sense that all forms of boundaries are dissolving. At this point, the connection between the Top and Bottom is probably at its peak. These states can also lead to feelings of continuousness, such as unity, eternity, and heaven; communion with a higher power, with one's self, and possibly, with other worlds and times; catharsis is a release into pure feeling, often in the guise of salvation and freedom;



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and also joyous satisfaction. Other rewards include insight, in the form of knowledge and creative inspiration; feelings of death and resultant rebirth; an intense physical well-being; and a courage borne of an increased self-esteem. There are quasi-physical experiences associated with ecstasy from SM play and spirituality. They have been described as a high; senses of light and dark; feeling changes of energy that make a person feel as though he/she is taking up the whole room, or has withdrawn inward with a sense of inner peace and calm; sensations of flowing; and «electric» feelings of tingling and being on fire.

With these rewards from SM activities during spiritual expression, it is no surprise that there are many who have crossed from SM play to spirituality and vice versa. As the last decade has progressed, we have seen more people integrating one expression into the other. Perhaps this is because they now feel freer to do so, in the same way that the rigour of the SM old guard is being replaced by a newer, more relaxed climate in the SM community, where people feel much freer to admit to being «switches.»



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Customs & Excise

HM Customs & Excise
1st Floor
New King's Beam House
22 Upper Ground
LONDON SE1 9PJ
England

Dear Mr Boedt,

Your letter of 8 June has been referred to this branch for attention. I must apologise for the delay in providing a response.

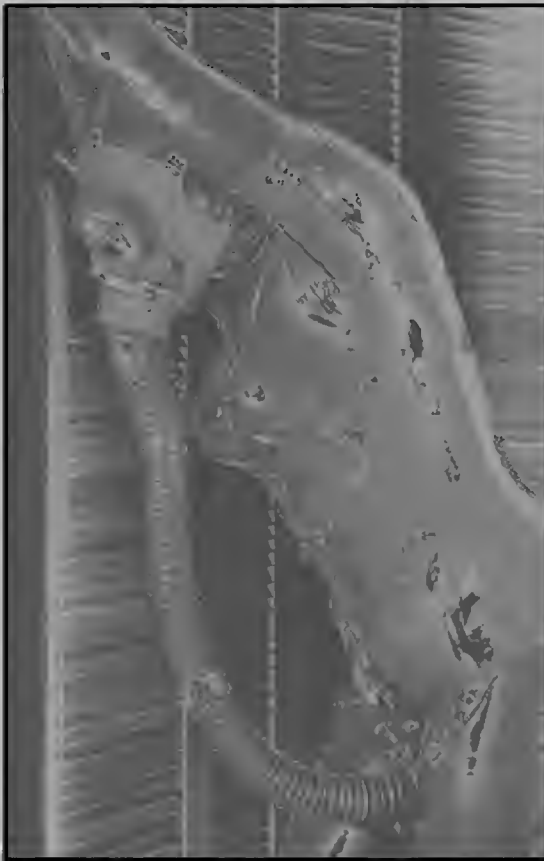
Any material which contains graphic and explicit depictions of sexual acts (eg intercourse, buggery, fellatio, cunnilingus, fellatio, ejaculation), whether in cartoon or photographic form is considered to be obscene under UK law and therefore prohibited on importation. By $\frac{1}{2}$ graphic and explicit+ I mean that the acts can clearly be seen eg the point of penetration in intercourse or buggery or the point of contact between the mouth and genitals.

In the area of sado-masochism and bondage, depictions of people tied in unnatural positions, particularly where gags are used, are likely to be considered to be obscene. However, it is difficult to be specific about the guidelines in this particular area. Customs do not act against any material of a kind which can be lawfully published and sold within the UK. You may find it useful to examine the standards of similar UK publications and use this as a guide to what is considered to be acceptable. You should note that Customs only take account of material lawfully available in this country and ensure that you do not base your judgements on publications which, although occasionally available, are the subject of police action when found on sale.

I trust that this has helped to clarify the position.
Yours sincerely

MJ Forster

*The editor: This was the letter I got back from customs when I asked them, **WHY** England were confiscating my magazines at the customs. I have printed the address of the customs so that you can all send your comments to this address. Now I'm sending every issue of Secret asking WHAT is "**obscene and corrupt**" but I don't get anymore reply's. I wonder if their own chief can be charged with importing "obscene material"? That would be a first. Also, while writing this, a reader of Secret took customs to court and was convicted because he did not agree that issue 10 was seized by customs as being obscene. He had a barrister fend him and had all the conversations noted by a clerk. It was not to be. In fact Secret is seized depending on who opens the envelope at the customs! We are not pornographic, far from that. So why can't we sell Secret in England.? The customs don't know what "obscene" is, so why do they bother? Rumours are that they fear for their jobs as 2000 custom agents will be fired as a following of the united Europe. So they do an intense research as to find drugs and porn material so to prevail their oh so interesting job. Gosh, am I glad I'm living in Belgium.*

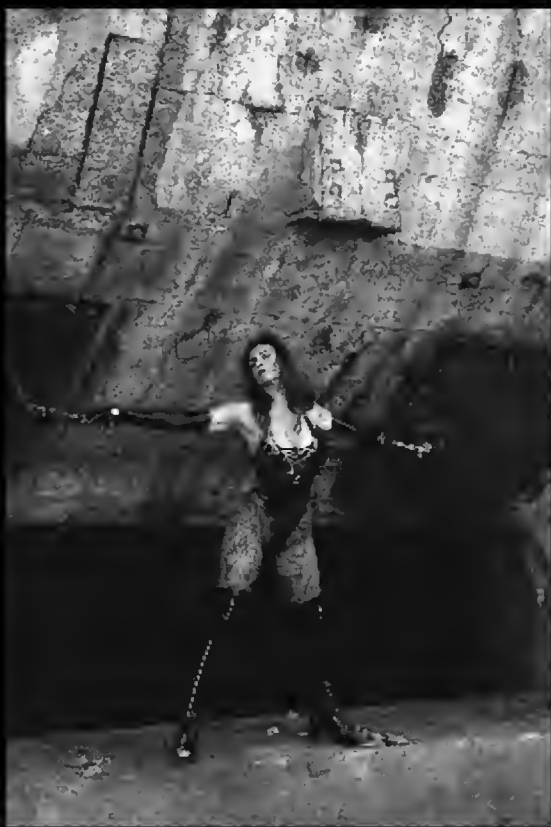




Etienne Braun

Shoots

Karin Wit





FUNNY SKIN

Famous fetish photographer Etienne Braun hooked up with famous fetish designer and cult personality Karin Wit of Funny Skin. The pictures shown here were taken with the idea to produce a new catalogue. The locations are extraordinary and Karin is more beautiful than ever before....

She will organize a fetish party in December and still makes some of the best fetish outfits you can find on the market. Contact her at
Funny Skin
P.O.Box 3215
2001 DE Haarlem
Holland



READERS LETTERS

This section is your place. Fill it with your desires, fiction, questions...! We don't invent the stories, just for your pleasure! We are a reflection of what you/us have lived, a reflection of a different lifestyle, a reflection of reality. Write to us. Let us know what you think about the magazine. Let me know what you would like to see changed. Write to me, talk to me, feed me with your stories, soft or hard, no matter. I welcome them all. You can also send them via Secretmag@glo.be. OK? I'm waiting for them....

Jürgen Boedt

Self discipline.

As a child I was spanked on my bare bottom by my mothers hand. Later, her hairbrush, and while in my teens, with a paddle or a cane. These were not frequent but often enough and painful enough to be remembered. The sting and tingle that resulted hours after a correction, and days later as the bruises healed, caused me to masturbate and sometimes to orgasm even during a punishment. Mother's hairbrush spankings during my early teens always left a warm and fuzzy feeling even though they were always painful and left bruises that took a week to fade.

In college when no one was around - weekends or short vacations - I would set up a series of mirrors and then observing my bottom in the reflection, would spank my own behind until it was black and blue or until I would bring myself to orgasm. My husband is not part of the scene and while he tries hard, it is not the same so that I must continue these self spankings on the average of once or twice a month. Am I the only one or are there others who self-spank?

Cedric

Ed. note: I'm sure that you are not alone. There are people who have self-bondage sessions, watersports, whipping... and spanking. Lots of people have orgasms while being spanked or whipped. The thing is that one has to accept the masochistic side of one's personality and try to live with it. If anybody out there would like to comment on this letter, please do. Jürgen.

Chastity belts

Dear Jürgen,
I learned about and I like it very much since you address issues in the sub/dom field fair and open. I would like to ask your help with the following matter. I like restraint in general and genital restraint in particular. I like any form of genital restriction such as chastity belts and medical treatment.

You do write about chastity belts once in a while, but in general there is little information that I can get on this subject. I contacted a few designers of chastity belts in England, but most designs seem to focus on show rather

than function. If they're made of metal, they still look fragile. Furthermore little seems to have changed in the designs since the Middle Ages. What about Tollyboys? My letter to La Ceinture the Castete in the USA (Secret Magazine nr. 8) was returned because the address was incorrect. What I look for is a really reliable chastity belt for both male and female that makes any use of the genitals truly impossible for a prolonged period of time. This implies that bodily functions must be possible. I hope you can advise me in this matter. Furthermore I am interested in medical treatment in this area. If I can find a partner with the same interest, I'm prepared to go as far as an infibulation. Can you tell me if this is possible?

What I also have to do is to get in touch with other people that like chastity belts. The problem however is that I don't know anyone who shares this particular interest. So, I would be very much obliged if you could give me names of clubs that focus on genital limitation and alteration.

Editor: please find here some information on what I have on chastity belts.

La Ceinture de Chasteté, 10 Tarpon Drive, Vero Beach, FLA 32960, USA.

Mr. S Leather in the US manufacture a very nice selection of stainless steel belts. 310 - 7th Street, San Francisco, CA 94103, USA. Catalogue \$30US and well worth it!

Exclusive craftwork based on original designs, contact Rob Hyams in England, 01.453.731916. As for Tollyboys, we have no news neither. I thought the best thing to do is just publish your letter and let my readers contact you. All reply's, please write this code in the right hand corner so I know where to send your information. (please insert two IRC's Code: CNT013





Claudine's corrections

THE ORDEALS OF OBEDIENCE

by Chris Richardson

"Please, Master, I have to report to you." The tall, slim, bikini clad, sun-tanned, French brunette said, her heavily accented voice quavering, as she stood on the veranda of the villa, in front of where he sat. Her master looked up from the book he was reading.

"Ah! Yes, correct, you do. The elegant, well built, grey-haired, Englishman replied. "Do you know why?" He asked, in a quiet, insistent, tone.

"I think it is for my daily punishment, master." She blurted out, fearfully, and yet, almost eagerly.

"Yes, indeed, for today's punishment," he mused, fixing her with an ice-cold stare. "Do you know what faults your punishments are for today?" he demanded.

"I was not standing, and walking, straight enough, for you master; and I was talking, instead of getting on with my work, for you master," she explained, trepidation showing in her voice. "... and my nipples were not kept sufficiently hard and erect for your pleasure with me, master." she added, almost terrified by her own excitement.

"So, disobedience, and laziness, too... I see," he mused. "And how did I tell you you would be punished, for such faults?" he questioned her further.

"With the whip, master." she answered, both her body and her voice trembling, with mixed apprehension, and sexual arousal.

"Yes! By the whip, my girl," he confirmed, "the time-honoured, and customary, means of correcting the behaviour, and wilful mistakes, of slaves, is by whipping them, to make them obey their masters, isn't it?" he continued.

"Yes, master." she answered, her lip quivering, and tears starting from her dark eyes, which also betrayed a look of longing in them.

"So your whipping today is not only to teach you true discipline, but is also part of your slave-training, isn't it?"

"Yes, master, it is." The girl acknowledged, by now very apprehensive, both of her master's increasing verbal power over her, and of her own feelings of almost uncontrollable arousal.

"You will learn to understand this, and to remember it, constantly!" he warned her. "What are you, girl?" He went on.

"Your slave, master!"

"What name are you allowed to have?"

"Claudine, Master.

"Very well, Claudine - slave, next time you are instructed to appear before me, you will announce yourself humbly to me, by saying, "I am your slave-girl, Claudine, reporting to you, for slave punishment, and training, master!"

"Do you understand?" he insisted to her.

"Yes, master.

"Then repeat it, now!" he ordered her. Bowing her head, Claudine repeated her catechism, somehow glad of the opportunity.

"Have you been whipped before, Claudine?"

"NO, master.

"Then, how were you punished before?"

"Usually by your hand-spanking; and sometimes with the paddle you got for me; and occasionally by the cane you made me get. On my behind, master!"

"The whip is capable of inflicting well-deserved pain, with more variety, anywhere, and everywhere, on your body, Claudine, and will do so, to teach you perpetual, and absolute obedience, to me. It will teach you true humility, to be humble in all things. It will insist that your only functions in life are to work for me, and to please me, and to satisfy me, in everything, including sex, do you understand, girl?" His dominant voice rang loudly in her ears. She felt utterly but satisfyingly helpless, under his compelling spell, in his complete power.

"Yes, master, I do" she acknowledged, as if in a trance, her secret places rapidly becoming very, very moist, as she stood before him.

"The fact you have disobeyed our rules of slave-obedience, in the three ways you have indicated, shows you still have some pride, which is incompatible with your slave-status. I will show you, by means of the whip, that the only pride you are permitted to have is pride in your slave-work, for me, and in the faultless performance of all your slave tasks, including your sexual ones. Claudine, you will earn this, from the whip, I promise you, so make no mistake about it, Claudine! You will also remember, I assure you, that the only parts of you, which are allowed to show any pride, are your nipples - which must always be very firm and, very, very prominent for me, understood?"

"Yes, my nipples must always be fully aroused for my master." Claudine said, as if in a deep dream of eroticism.

"Very well, bare your breasts to me slave-girl!" He instructed her.

Her slightly shaking, but keen, fingers hurried to undo the bow of her bikini-top.

As she cast the top aside, she made sure her shoulder-blades met at her back, so that her breasts jutted out to their fullest extent for him.

"Come here, girl," his strident voice summoned her. She moved, rapidly, even gratefully, closer before him. His hands slowly explored the naked skin of her hips, and her waist, and her flat stomach, with its fetching navel oasis. Her breathing became rapid, and her young breasts rose and fell. As if answering her unspoken hope, his hands demandingly cupped them. No sooner had she begun to enjoy his powerful hands squeezing and manipulating her mammaries, than his thumbs and forefingers grabbed both her nipples, fiercely, and applied deep clamping pressure to them. She winced, she writhed, she became vocal with her whimpers, as the intensity of his ruthless vice-pinching, and pulling out of her nipples grew in intensity. "Ooh! Master... please..." she begged.

"I will not listen to any entreaty from you, slave," he announced. "Your disobedience earlier even ran to letting your nipples get slack, instead of remaining taut, for me, so you will suffer torture on them, for that, and as part of your slave training Claudine, as you richly deserve for daring to show such disrespect to me and disobeying my requirements of your body!"

With that, he reached, from the nearby table, two green plastic clothes pegs, and quickly affixed one to each nipple. The sudden shock of extreme pain was akin to an electrical discharge which coursed rapidly to her quim. She groaned and



© Delvalle

whimpered, and she cried out loud, both with shock, and pain, and fear - not only of the unaccustomed agony but also from her own renewed sensual surges, which this latest treatment of her body had triggered off. She flinched, instead of maintaining her upright stance.

"How dare you move your body, by even one centimetre, without being told to!" he said. "You will soon see that such disrespect, to me, as your master, will cost you still more pain, from the whip, or maybe the cane, depending on which I choose to inflict on you!"

Claudine started to sob quietly. "Please, master, I know that you honour me by training me to please you, and I am proud that it is my body which you chose, but I do not know that I can bear this pain, master!"

"Yes, you can! And you will. Claudine, you know it, for you love me, don't you, girl?"

"I adore you, master.

"Yes, and as a mark of your great love, you will learn to bear with the pain, because it pleases me that you should. With my help, learn to bear it."

He released the clothes peg clamps from her nipples. Surprising herself, she became almost disappointed. She need not have been, since he immediately readjusted them, if anything even embracing more of each nipple than before. Claudine almost screamed. A perceptible moan escaped her lips. His vice-like fingers now closed tightly over her upper arms, and he shook her.

"You can bear it, because you do it for me: you will bear it, since it is for you, as well. You will reach the stage, quite soon, believe it or not, when, on my command, you will, obediently and gladly, yourself apply the clamps, to your own nipples before presenting your naked body to me, for my pleasure!" Incredulously, Claudine gasped, "Oh! Master, I wish I could, I

mean, I want to have the courage to follow all your requirements in your training of me, as your own submissive girl-slave. But I am so afraid that some of the pain I must learn to experience, in order to attain the total, and complete, submission I crave, and need, will be too much for me!"

"Think of this, Claudine," he told her. "You are unlearning all your previous false pride in yourself, which has no place in a slave-girl. You are learning a different kind of pride - a pride in your body, learning to serve and to please and to satisfy me, your master. In this way you will reach your own yearned for fulfilment, which was lacking in your life before, and making you unhappy, my very humble girl slave! When I have beaten you, with increasing severity, you will bear the pain with gladness - you will be proud of the marks which your master leaves on your bare body, you will even "flaunt" them to your master, (and to others also if he orders it of you). You will experience joy that your master chooses you to be his sex-slave! That is your only pride, Claudine - none other!"

While he had spoken to her, ever-increasing in his insistence, Claudine had been visibly squirming, and trying not to grimace, with the pain she felt from her tender, throbbing nipples. For she did not want to present a contorted face to her lover. She had passed the zenith of her ability to withstand the pain. As if anticipating this, he suddenly released her nipples from their pinching torture. He told her to squat on her haunches, at his feet. She gazed up at him with adoring, helpless, anticipation. What further ordeal would he put her through, to test the extent of her obeisance? She begged him if she might massage her painful nipples to relieve the pain. He refused her his permission to do that. He spoke quietly and determinedly.

"You know, don't you, that your breasts crave the training of pain, from me, Claudine? Remember the very first time I ever saw you as I walked along the promenade, and spotted you, topless on the beach below? I remained standing where I was, and followed you with my eyes as I was determined to "have" you for myself, as my slave-girl. Eventually, you left the beach, and you went, still topless, to the nearby "La Botella" bar. I followed you there. Almost the first words I spoke to you were "I want you!" You did not demur. You recognised your fate, your need, your Master, at once, didn't you?" Dream-like, Claudine assented, "I always remember it - The almost unbelievable sense of release, yes, of my joyful fulfilment, master.

"On that happy note of reminiscence," he said, "we shall resume what you are here for! Go and fetch my whip, and bring it to me. I wish you to be quite naked when you return."

Claudine's body tingled with the greatest pleasurable torture of anticipation she had ever known. When she returned, naked, with the whip, her master scourged the whole of her body as it had never been whipped before, and made her repeat over, and over, again "I need your domination over me, Frederick, I need you, my beloved Master!"

When he told her to come to his bed, she "came". Even more times than she had ever remembered!





Watersports



7AM, I wake to find B**** slowly riding up and down my piss-hard shaft. I begin to reach the point of no return, and suddenly realise that I need to empty my bladder. When I attempt to call a halt to the proceedings - to use the toilet - she says, «Wouldn't you prefer to use my cunt?». I don't need to be asked twice. I feel my urine fill her vagina and spill out over my balls. She moans, looks into my eyes . . . shudders and comes. Afterwards - when I ask her, «Why piss?» - she replies, «Because it's such a headfuck».

The above was a brief description of my first experience with 'watersports'. B****, the woman who initiated me, earned a very good living charging others for the privilege of experiencing their perverse inclinations. I didn't realise this at the time. Even if I had it wouldn't have mattered. We were in love. I loved her . . . and she loved unusual sexual experimentation. Not quite the same but what the hell, I was just out of my teens and not about to complain.

One evening, while in the process of receiving a slow wank, I was casually informed of her current dilemma . . . sexual boredom. Then - before I could gather my thoughts or respond - she requested the pleasure of my tongue on her labia, settled her cunt over my face . . . and resumed speaking. Meanwhile, her skillful hands continued to stroke my cock and balls, never missing a beat.

Watersports



To

my dismay, I discovered that B**** was bored with me. She had recently entered into an affair with the wife of a still famous rock icon . . . and the sex was hot. So hot, she decided fucking with women was better than fucking men. At this point in her monologue she:

1. Stopped wanking me.
2. Filled my mouth with her urine.
3. Turned around and grinned.

Great! My heart was broken, my balls were blue . . . and on top of that, I suddenly realised I had acquired a 'piss-jones' (a street term for addiction used in the 1960s). You see, I almost came when she pissed in my mouth. That's why she grinned. She knew.*

I spent many years doing cold-turkey before I again felt the warm flow of liquid sunshine. You've got to admit, «Hey honey, how's about I piss inside you?» is not a chat-up line that guarantees success. To be honest, I never even tried it. I was never keen on being hit . . . even by beautiful women.

Then one glorious day I fell down the 'proverbial' rabbit hole and found myself smack dab in the middle of the fetish scene. µÑBingo! Life was groovy and good. Piss rules OK in the land of rubber OZ. It was time for my higher education to begin in earnest.

*A brief addenda - It should go without saying that I only do this with women I find truly exciting. ôÆI'm no indiscriminate imbiberôÆ, ôÆme.ôÆ

What became quickly apparent to me was the sheer diversity of watersport possibilities. Not only did I enjoy the idea of urinating into, onto, up, down and around willing female flesh . . . I also loved being the recipient. Standing, comfortably slouched - pissing as my prick is masturbated by my lover's hand - is the best! Big fun in the loo. At least, that's what I keep telling my wife.

Imagine this: Your lover kneels over you as you both wank. Occasionally, your tongue caresses their engorged genitalia as they squeeze a swollen nipple or two. Then, when you finally surrender to the inevitable surge of orgasm - twitching and grunting, as the nerve ends in your body explode - your partner releases the contents of their bladder . . . all over your willing flesh. 'Wow!', what a cool way to stay hot. What a hot way to wet the bed! Yup, that's what happens. The spontaneous perverse application of urinary lubrication can - and usually does - result in a serious wet patch problem. But do not despair.

Once the decision has been made to indulge in a soup ¶ljon of 'pee-play', perhaps a golden shower or two, a certain amount of forethought can prove most helpful. An obvious solution is to use the bathtub. But, although clean and tidy, this is often uncomfortable - a purpose-built shower is much better. If a bedroom is the preferred location, rubber sheeting - available in all appropriate lengths up to kingsize - is just the ticket. I also recommend buying a few extra sheets. That way, if you get carried away and the golden flow squirts here, there and everywhere, your carpet and walls still remain dry.**

After a few years on the scene I began to feel like an old hand - a real pro . . . a piss-sophisticate, if you will. Then I was shown 'Gummi Clinic', parts 1&2, and the ground beneath my feet shifted. I realised I'd been granted a vision of the Mount Olympus of pissdom! Some - perhaps slightly more sacrilegious than my Roman Catholic self - might say they'd seen the face of God. So, before continuing, I suggest we spend a few reverential moments in silence. I mean, we're talking about 'le business v¶l¶ritable' here. Heavy-duty urinology.

Watersports



Bladder to bladder, bladder to anus, bladder to nose, mouth and all sundry parts. Catheters, enemas, and oxygen tubes . . . don't fuck around, fuel-inject! Taste it, drink it, swim in it, drown in it. Whew, this is crazy shit! Don't you just love it? Yes/No? Why, this is a genuine sci-fi, cyber-sex fantasy come to life. Suck a rubber space maiden's dick and drink her bodily fluids . . . before she sticks it up your rectum and urinates to the last drop.

At this point in my article, some of you might be thinking - 'Isn't this a bit extreme, perhaps a little too dangerously deviant?' Damn right it is! This is mad, bad sex for the truly fucked-up, high-octane fetish player. You got to get down on it, right on down . . . pumpy, pumpy, rump pump.

****a second brief addenda:** Urine stains in unusual places

can be hard to explain, unless you own a pet. Be careful. My view is this: Whether you or I ever reach the dizzying heights of full-on medical pissology, or even want to, isn't what matters. For - with only the slightest nod of the clyster towards Baudrillard, post-modern behaviour, and most living creatures' sense of self-preservation - 'rubber piss medical sex' provides, yet again, further incontrovertible proof of the unique capability of the human imagination to be fucking weirder than anything else on this planet. Gorillas in the mist certainly can't do this kind of shit, so - I have a piss-enema, therefore I am.

Whoa, I'm going to change direction now, and bring things back to a more practical level. For those who are just embarking on their first urinary journey of discovery, another few words of advice: Prior to play, the ôÆpisseurôÆ should



drink as much water as possible. This simple, conscientious act spares the *ô/Ë pisseô/Ë* the discomfort of a truly upset tummy. Better to wait until you discover whether you actually have a taste for the golden nectar, before you attempt to become a connoisseur and go for the stronger stuff. For although the thought of drinking the contents of your lover's bladder might be the focal point of a highly personal and exciting fantasy - the reality still remains firmly in the province of the specialist. A little goes along way, or so I've heard.

So let it sprinkle off your teeth instead, only occasionally to dribble down the back of your throat. Let it flow - devil may care - through the cleft of your buttocks, until it tickles the waiting genitals beyond. Let it gaily splash between your nipples, rogue droplets catching the light as they fly here and there. As you may have surmised by now, watersports don't have to be a hardcore activity - they can also be light-

hearted and fun.

The unconvinced reader will probably be asking themselves by now, «Why? Why include pee-pee in my love-life? What's this all about?» Although I am not aware of any one simple, definitive answer to that all important question, I'll make an attempt to shed a bit of light on the subject.

For some of us, it harks back to childhood toilet-training. This necessary, but often draconian, social measure affects most people. During it's implementation, one of our natural body functions is too often transformed into a source of possible embarrassment and shame. Thus, pissing on or in socially unsanctioned territory, eg: another adult - could be seen as a politically positive action representing the reclamation of our original acceptance of our bodies. Plus, the lure of the forbidden is sooo irresistible.

In Western society at present, urine is a controlled substance. And what happens when substances are controlled? They gain in illicit attraction and become more desirable. Soon the slippery, slope of addiction begins to beckon and - before you know it... you've got a piss-jones. OK, I know I'm stretching the point but what the hell, this was never meant to be a chapter in the next best-selling psychotherapeutic handbook of the millenium.

Tell you what. Try pissing in any room other than the toilet at the next dinner party

you attend, if you don't believe my previous statement concerning the control of this most essential bodily function. Quel faux-pax! Try bringing it up as a topic of polite luncheon conversation with your in-laws... but only if you're ready to: (1.)Time the length of the uneasy silence which will undoubtedly ensue - with the cleverly concealed stop-watch you came prepared with and, (2.)Count the number of red faces with stunned expressions at the

table. Because, for most people, this is not an easy or comfortable topic, unless raised within the context of humour.

To discuss the issue of pissology, and your sexual interest in the aforementioned subject - with any measure of genuine seriousness - is to risk being socially labelled as 'beyond the pale'. And yet, urination is something we all need to do many times during any twenty four hour period. As for sexual activity... at the very least, most of us think about it all the time. So it always amazes me at how proscribed

our sexuality and the workings of our flesh are. They are publically unsuitable to mention it seems, except as the subject of laughter and joke. Even I use humour, in order to make them more easily palatable.

Another one of the main problems connected with this most pleasurable of sexual byways, is the difficulty one encounters when trying to find a willing and enthusiastic partner. It's something that either calls to you or not. It takes a certain amount of skill and sang-froid - to diplomatically explain to your new main squeeze about this very special erotic interest... and your hope of involving them - for you to stand a chance of success.

We're

a l l different, but my own needs require a sense of trust and connection with my sexual partner in order to put into practice the more unusual desires I harbour. As I've mentioned earlier in this article, I'm no indiscriminate imbibor. What this means in practical terms is that I have often had to rely on personal fantasy, rather than experience when it comes to my sexual preferences.

I've never chosen my 'objects of love and desire' because of their proven sexual adaptability - although my hope springs eternal - but, instead, for reasons of companionship and all-round compatibility. So, this article is primarily based on the fictions and fantasies of the

author's own imagination. Any similarity between this and reality is purely coincidental.

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The Sexual Healing Path

© Photos by Kazuki Suzuki appeared in [nu] issue 5



The Sexual Healing Path

By Veruca

Hello there, Secret readers. Please allow me to introduce myself. I am a bisexual top and/or bottom, depending upon the person I am with. Generally, I top men and bottom to women. I find the psychology of sexuality fascinating, and for my first Secret «column,» I will explore sexual origins. Jürgen invited me to Secret because he admires my qualities as an open, free-of-chains kind of writer and thinker. I invite you all to share your thoughts, opinions and beliefs with me as well. I would hate for this to be a one-sided thing, we really have the potential here for an open forum..my column, readers' reactions, editorial comments... Let's just make sure it is all well-thought-out and CONSTRUCTIVE, ok? I REFUSE to respond to purely reactive letters - open your mind, think about the issue, see it from all sides, and THEN put pen to paper and write me. I hope to hear from you all.

My alter ego name is Veruca. I can be bratty and spoiled and demanding in everyday life, but especially sexually. That is why I have taken Veruca as my sex pen name. Others may view Veruca Salt of Willy Wonka fame as annoying, but I embrace her and carry her with me. She knows what she wants, and accepts nothing less or inferior. Having been sexually abused by a (non-family) male as a child, and having witnessed the sexual abuse of other girls by him as a child, it seems obvious and almost inevitable that I would later, unconsciously, mold my sexuality around this issue. I don't know that people realize the forever effects of sexual abuse. It messes with the rest of your life, from the time of the very first event. It takes just one time to traumatize a child, and change her/his life forever.

I have a problem with the lack of attention that is given to



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the issue of child abuse in the S/M community. Not all S/M-ers were abused as children; we always hear the story of the chief executives who, after a difficult day of telling others what to do and when and how to do it, long to be on the receiving end. They feel the need to give up that stressful position of power and be free. I recently read of a famous New York City dominatrix who was murdered, and when the authorities opened her address book, it was LOADED with clients such as these; judges, lawyers, doctors, and CEOs. And, some S/Mers admit to having had pretty decent childhoods with kind parents, devoid of any trauma.

But I believe that the majority of those adults who participate in S/M were abused as children. What I want from the community, diverse as it is, is the acknowledgement of this fact, an examination of our childhoods and present practices, discussion, and resolution. Perhaps many of us do not speak of it because we still feel the shame of the abuse we endured so many years ago, and we'd rather not admit to it, as if we were the ones who acted out the evil, selfish impulses. Perhaps we would like to keep silent about this part of our lives because it was so painful, and who wants to remember? Because, in remembering, we feel the pain again. Actually, it is the feeling of this pain over and over again until we reach purity, that cleanses us of the trauma, frees us.., it is the feeling of the pain that eventually releases our pain. And in a sense, playing out S/M scenes is like remembering, feeling the abuse. What you do with the feelings, though, lays the foundation for your healing path, if there will be any. S/M can be an extremely healing thing. Or, it can be extremely destructive. The individual decides.

My first experience with S/M was self-destructive. I'll tell you about it. First, my analysis of my own sexual identity as it now stands is that, having been sexually abused by a male, having had to acquiesce unwillingly, I now, in an unconscious rebellion, willingly submit to females, in turn receiving great pleasure. So, when the right woman came along several years ago, I knew she was exactly what I needed. I didn't know why (I was still suppressing the abuse), I just knew that I needed her. Unfortunately, she was abusive towards me verbally, mentally and emotionally. In those respects, actually, she mirrored my mother. Dealing with her, it seems, was my attempt to work through some



© Photos: Efrain Gonzales

then-indefinable mother issues. The S/M play itself was totally consensual and reflected the sexual abuse. But our relationship seemed to center on my submissive nature, my willingness to give up control to her,... to just know that she owned me. Her own issues came into play also, of course. With her violent, physically abusive upbringing, she had learned to accept her dark side, and she expressed the shadow in play whenever I was «bad,» when I had displeased her. The sex was totally hot, steaming, passionate, the best sex ever. But the emotional pain I felt and my self-destructive path was just too much for me. After several mini break-ups, I turned self-destruction into self-preservation and got out of the relationship while I still could. I dumped her quickly, giving myself no closure, but this act of self love led to greater self-esteem and movement ahead in my life.

While I cannot condone her abusive behaviour, I do not regret having been with her. In fact, my whole reason for exploring this issue is to make a point. There are so many components to the play of S/M. There are the emotional, verbal, mental, physical, and sexual aspects, each of which can turn destructive and abusive in the hands of an unhealed person. If you are not already at the point where you can effectively handle these people/situations, you will get hurt. You can also decide, like myself, to make a change, to feel that you deserve better. Working through so many childhood issues with this woman was the first step in finding who I really am, not who I thought I was, or who I pretended to be, (I am still in this process, as I am healing from the sexual abuse now.) That is why when I hear people down S/M, I just want to scream. They call us sick, call what we do abuse. In fact, we are actually working through the child abuse we endured. It is what was done to us as children that is sick; our actual dealing with it in an S/M context creates great potential for healing.

But what is the process here? What is it about S/M, B/D, and D/S that encourages our healing? Let's look at the ways

we act out our childhood abuse with our adult partners. Bondage and discipline harkens back to our earliest feelings as children. Essentially, we are born into bondage, both literally and metaphorically. We are all subject to our parents' shadow sides, those unhealed parts of themselves which they banish or deny. This inhibits them from parenting from a place of internal power, from their true selves within. Therefore, they blindly throw their «issues» at us, and as children, we know nothing else but total acceptance and agreement; we are at their mercy. All types of abuse put us in bondage, but the literal bondage we feel as survivors comes mainly from physical and sexual abuse. At the time of the abuse we feel defenceless and immobilized by fear. Later in life, while simulating these scenes, we may be tied up with ropes or chains or cuffs, but there is first a willingness on our part, and second an agreement between partners, which did not exist in the childhood experience.

Bondage play does not mirror the child abuse, it merely reflects it. Survivors as bottoms may play defenceless, but they are really working from a place of power in which they have made an agreement with their partner; «You tie me up so that I can do nothing to defend myself against your advances.» This may be a totally unconscious and/or unspoken agreement, but it is an agreement nonetheless. Survivors of physical abuse typically become masters of discipline. «You've been a bad boy. I said not to cum until I told you so, and you spurted your load all over the fresh sheets. Now clean it up! And then get ready for a good spanking, you nasty freak.» But if you put B and D together, the scenario would change: «You helpless little wretch. I said I didn't want to hear a peep from you during this paddling. And what is with this wriggling around? Do you have no self control whatsoever? You're pathetic. Now suck my cunt, and suck it good, without a moan, groan, or whimper, or you will not be allowed to cum.» Dominance and submission go together to mimic the relationship between victim and perpetrator. Wilful submission encompasses more than sex. The mindset here is about giving up control, whereas a bound and disciplined bottom knows exactly what she/he wants and how to get it. («If I move around and tug at the handcuffs she'll get mad and administer my punishment.») The submissive gives up complete control of the body and/or self in order to feel safe and loved. («If I please her by scrubbing the floor on my hands and knees I will get approval.») The dominant does her/his part by critiquing the job done. «You missed a spot here under the heater. Otherwise, you did a good job. Good girl/boy. Now go run a bath and we'll have some fun, we'll wash each other's hair.» The sub did her/his job well, and «It made Her/Him proud and she/he now loves me.» I think we can all recall times as children when we did things just to get approval from our parents, teachers, and other elders.

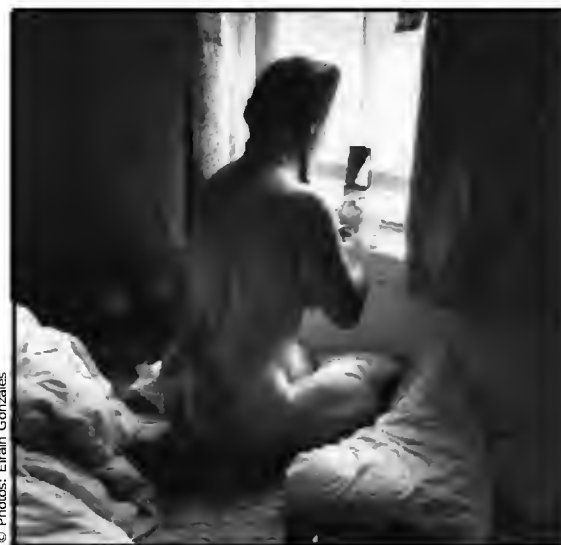
Or, if the dominant is needing more, «You call this floor clean? Get back down on your hands and knees now.» The unspoken promise here is «If you get down and do it again you will prove that you love me and I will love you back.» Molesters coerce their victims into submission in the same way. «Don't you want to please Daddy? It makes me feel good, don't you want Daddy to be happy?» So, the impression that remains for the submissive is, «If I do something unpleasant, if I ignore my own needs and desires, I'll be loved/get approval.» Sadism and masochism are another example of acting out abuses. Abuse survivors become attracted to S/M via self-hate. «I'm bad, punish

me.» Physical and sexual abuse survivors eventually come to reject our bodies, and being whipped, paddled and pierced are the only ways for us to feel our own skin. During the actual abuse we tend to dissociate, to leave our bodies and concentrate our attention elsewhere, anywhere but on the body. Growing up, the body becomes maligned, as it is the place of feeling, and if we numb the body, we cannot feel the pain. Cutting becomes a way for us to necessarily release that pain, as it does not just go away when we refuse to acknowledge it. It will simply take on another form, and need to be released in some other way. Feeling in parts of the body that was previously banished is brought back through harsh treatments like cuttings and beatings.

Acting- out previous abuses through S/M is also a way to remake the experience for ourselves. If we plan scenes with our partners we can change the outcome of the abuse, For instance, «You attempt to rape me and I will struggle with you.» The desired outcome depends upon the individual, Perhaps a struggle ensues and the sadist backs off, allowing the masochist her/his own power (fitting for those who fight with the idea that «I could have done something about the abuse»)- Or, the sadist may overpower the masochist, allowing the bottom to safely experience the feelings of loss of control. In this way we are transforming our previous negative experiences into safe, secure moments of intense pleasure, rather than of fear and pain. The sadist in these situations has a large responsibility, as the masochist will attempt to recreate traumatic scenes, and she/he needs to be made to feel safe and have trust that the sadist will not really take advantage; it is just a playing-out.

There are so many things to be said on this issue, but with limited space I was only able to touch on a few points, Perhaps with your participation, we can accomplish an even more complete view of S/M as a healing path.

You may write me at: Veruca, PO Box 4092, Woodbridge, CT 06525 USA. Personal replies cannot be guaranteed, but you may send a SASE, Please attach enough postage for letters outside the US. Besides your comments, I will also accept your suggestions for future column topics.



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Tabby



by Peter Mills





VANESSA DURIÈS

Who was she?

I had the pleasure of meeting Vanessa Duriès, at a TV show, and impressed as I was with her book, how fascinated I was by this young girl. She was killed two months later in a car accident. When I read this essay in Masquerade books, I felt the need to let you share in this. She was a remarkable woman, and a remarkable writer.

By the time I came across Vanessa Duriès' book "Le Lien" in a bouquiniste's dusty box by the Seine in Paris in the summer of 1994, Vanessa was already dead. I knew nothing of this yet. I read the short novel back in London, intrigued by its intensity and courage, often stunned by the extremes of what we might term perversions its female protagonist endured. It rang true. It felt intuitively like more than just an update of The Story of O, another tale of submissive slave and master.

On the back cover of the original French edition (and also on this first English-language translation), Vanessa Duriès smiles at us, smiles at me, fresh - faced, almost innocent, beautiful, an attractive young girl emerging from adolescence, curly-haired. Could this, I wondered, be the real author of this dangerous tale of womanhood defiled and proud? The face, the dark eyes that led me, the accidental reader, into the depths of her soul, as her body stood tall under the bite of the whips, the obscene penetrations of every conceivable aperture, the random punishments, the rituals of torture and humiliation. I strongly suspected something of a hoax. Maybe, Vanessa Duriès and that candid photograph were the cover for a pseudonymous pomographer who had somehow hit a chord somewhere inside me?

There she is, luminous, wondrous and young. Tell me it isn't so, Vanessa, I wondered. I rang her French publisher, Franck Spengler, and offered to acquire the rights and get the book translated into English and asked him the obvious questions.

He had harboured the same doubts when the manuscript had originally landed on his desk. But he had met Vanessa Duriès and was soon convinced that not only was she the author of the story, but that it was also 100% autobiographical. The book appeared in France in March 1993 and had an immediate impact. Vanessa appeared on various television programmes and disarmed interviewers and opponents with her evident sincerity. Here was an attractive young student who had been plunged by the power of love into the most depraved depths of the SM world, and stood proudly by her experiences unashamed, almost defiant, invigorated by her vigorous devotion

for Pierre, her master, an older man who had led her into this new, shadowy life.

One day, I would like to see video recordings of the programmes Vanessa participated in on the occasion of the book's launch. Something inside me beckons the sound of her voice, with a warm Southern regional accent I guess - she came from Agen, not far from Bordeaux; I wish to see the way her eyes must have twinkled under the studio lights, how her body moved in fascinating ways, her lips opened and curled, how the curls of her dark hair fell upon her neck as she defended her experiences head held high. It will be the only chance I will ever have to see Vanessa in motion.

I have press cuttings from her newspaper and magazine interviews from the same period. She is a year older than the back jacket photograph. Twenty-one now. The curls in her hair are less evident in this blurry photocopy of a photocopy. She sits on a park bench, her winning smile shyly aimed at the camera, wearing a simple white blouse under her quiet, conservative jacket. She is holding a book, probably her own. She looks like just another pretty French student. In another photograph, even blurrier, she sits again, pensive this time, her gaze directed downwards, her skirt hitched up to mid-thigh; it is possibly the same suit, but here she is not wearing a shirt, the jacket is buttoned and you can see a simple, sober necklace around her fragile neck. She holds her hands together. Under the jacket, I know she is not wearing a brassiere; there, peer closer, are the breasts of Vanessa, the breasts that have



been whipped, beaten, the nipples that have been twisted, tortured, pulled to the limits of the skin's endurance, licked, pierced by needles, lovingly caressed.

Two months after her book's publication in France, in May 1993, Vanessa was asked, I assume by her domineering master, to pose in the nude for a skin magazine, no doubt in another test of her submissiveness. Six more photographs of Vanessa. The first picture occupies two thirds of the double-page opening spread. A loving close up of her face, eyes peering at the lens, a spotlight reflected in her dark pupils, her delicate upturned nose, the sharply drawn eyebrows highlighted by an imperceptible scar where the bridge of her nose begins. Her lustrous hair partly in frame, tousled, brown I know (although all the photographs are in black and white yet again, cause for infinite regret: I shall never witness the colours of Vanessa's skin, the shades of her bare flesh). Her right cheek is partly obscured, as her face lies on a blanket where the leather strands of a whip are spread eagled touching her full lipsticked lips and the underside of her nose. Vanessa watches me, the hint of a naked shoulder trimmed away, a black bra strap breaking into the frame. This is Vanessa, the abominably beautiful Vanessa who allowed utter strangers to sodomise her at will, to introduce foul foreign objects inside her body. This is my favourite shot of Vanessa, the one where she is paradoxically at her most open, naked, receptive. She looks at me from the glossy page, her features almost life size, the pores of her skin crudely magnified. I turn the pages of the magazine.

On the left page, she appears sitting awkwardly askew on a cloth backdrop holding a riding crop. She is nude, her heavy breasts leaning towards me, the reader, the voyeur, around her neck a collar to which a thin metal chain is attached. The make up on her face is too harsh (as it is in all the photos to follow), giving her features a hardness which is alien to her nature. She no longer smiles. Her stockings climb up to midway up her thighs. Around both her wrists are thick leather straps connected by a metal chain. For a brunet, her nipples, her areolae are surprisingly pale.

The right-hand page is all photograph. A defiant look in her eyes, Vanessa sits legs wide open on a low black table. A dog collar around her neck, her breasts encircled by a complicated leather harness connected in a subtle arrangement of straps to the lower part of her body where her sex is held open to our gaze. Her clitoris is clearly visible, jutting out under the conjugated pressure of the leather bands that surround her slit, inner lips swollen but held together by a metal ring attached to the lower point of entry of her outer cunt lips. She is wearing stockings, a different pair from previously, high heels, still the same straps around her wrists and, in her left hand, holds another whip, seemingly the same as on the opening spread shot. Her pubes are shaven clean, so that the delightful obscenity of her open sex is inescapable, enhanced by the shining ring dangling there. She has thin arms, the veins of her left arm visible as she leans back, thrusting her shoulders forward. Around her waist, a heavy leather band, adorned with a myriad baroque metal studs.

The waistband is the only adornment left on the next photograph which shows us Vanessa lying downwards on

the cloth, her left hand holding her breast, her legs upwards, a knee bent, feet cropped out of the shot. Still she doesn't smile. Her shaven sex unbearably bare, with a hint of darkness surrounding it, closed. I perversely approach my myopic eyes closer to the photograph and notice a few blemishes, pimples maybe, irritations of the skin from the passage of the razor blade over her shorn pubic area. On the next page, a right-hand side one, another full-page photograph, the most indecent of all. Vanessa on a high-back chair, in all her pornographic splendour. Stockings, high heels, and her thighs crucified apart.

Another leather harness surrounds her open sex. She holds her arms upwards and pulls a metal chain through her open mouth, between her teeth, the hint of provocation in her eyes. Her full breasts, nipples paler than ever, adorned by a curtain of six metal chains connected to a leather collar that circles her neck and extends into three branches, two on each side of her breasts, holding their weight up by the sides, biting no doubt into her skin, the final branch separating the round globes of her femininity and anchoring the metal chains draped across her offered chest.

She wears the same outfit in the last photograph, a double-page spread which ends the feature, with the final text of the interview that accompanies the photos superimposed in the top right-hand corner. She is leaning on one arm. Her legs are partly open, her sex lips slightly creased by the position, her nipples visibly erect. There is a slight stain on the underside of her left breast; I am unsure whether it is an actual birthmark or a fault in the printing of the photograph. Her full lips are closed, the colours of the dark lipstick surrounding the shape of a perfect kiss. The make-up circling her eyes is too dark, ages her beyond her twenty-one years. There will be no photographs of Vanessa at twenty-two. This immodest pose, as they all were, this brazen exhibition of her body is the last picture we have of Vanessa Duriès, author of "The Ties That Bind." Seven months later, on 13 December

1993, while returning from a festival in Montpellier in the south of France, which she was covering for a magazine, she died in a car crash, travelling towards Paris, together with three other passengers in the car, two other writers and their child. She was bringing her French publisher the first thirty pages or so of what she hoped would be her second novel, *The Rival*, about the rivalry between two submissive women. Another erotic novel which, I am confident, would have assured her of a place in the modern pantheon of erotica. Sadly, we will not read this book.

What you are about to read is more than a novel, it is a true story. Vanessa's story is touching; it might shock or disgust some: the truth about human nature is never palatable when you have the courage to explore the dark side. Vanessa Duriès had the guts and returned to tell us the story.

Good-bye Vanessa. The images of your sex, your pale nipples and quiet smile, the story of your experiences will always remain within me, and I will miss you badly.

Maxim Jakubowski

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MANUAL FOR SLAVES II

We are continuing our «little» exposition for all slaves and submissives wishing to improve, to perfect themselves. Again, we repeat that it is your spirit which will get the ball rolling and which will make you interpret your role well.

THE MARRIED SLAVE

A married slave can be the most sincere and the best partner for a Mistress, but do be careful, on account of his family life. Perhaps he comes to you because he's really into SM and his wife refuses to lend herself to these noble games. Perhaps he doesn't express himself clearly enough, or fears ludicrous, degrading situations with his spouse? So he falls back on you. After a short, clarifying talk, a Mistress will find in him a faithful, docile companion. If you are married yourself and have children, he will be the ideal confidant for all these little «problems». By common consent, you will leave each other in peace after your sessions. You will also make him understand that it is useless to pursue you or to phone you when you don't want him to.

The most obvious precaution is not to leave visible marks on his body. If you want to whip or spank him, make him wear a slip so as to avoid inquisitive looks when he gets home. Use your hands, gloved of course, when spanking. If you use a riding crop, a stick or a cane, spread the blows in order to avoid bruises. When using instruments, try to hit him on the palms of his hands or the soles of his feet. These are very sensitive parts which can do your slave a lot of «good». Slapping with your hands seldom causes bruising or leaves other marks. Hitting frequently, but moderately, can be very moving for each one of the partners. Don't forget either that even a very slight blow to the testicles can cause more pain than a heavy whipping on the back.

Beware of the marks which cuffs can leave. Use lined cuffs and make him wear gloves under the ropes.

If you put make-up or perfume on him, make him take a shower before he leaves you, likewise if you have given him a «golden shower» (ie pissed on his head or in his face). Let him clean his teeth after a «licking» (ie cunnilingus) session or if you have used him as your toilet.

You can also humiliate him by asking him questions about his sex life with his wife or you can make him wear female underwear when he comes to a session or when he goes home. He'll be quite excited on arrival, of course, but just imagine the mess he'll have got himself into: how and where is he to take the underwear off and what is he to do with it when he gets home..?

THE SLAVE AS A TOY

Using the slave as a toy can be very amusing for a dominatrix, especially if there are onlookers. It's up to you to think up loads of games where he will be humiliated in the extreme. Here are some examples you might like: have him dance in a tutu, either by himself or with a broomstick. Order him to embrace the broomstick and make love to it on the floor, in front of you. Don't forget to remind him to tell the broomstick how beautiful «she» is etc. Or have him kiss your shoes whilst blindfolded and then tell you whether it's your right or left foot (slap him each time he gets it wrong). Have him push marbles around with his nose! And whilst he's on all fours you can get on his back, making him take your full weight. If he's strong enough, go for a little ride, hitting

him with your riding crop. You can use a belt or a stocking as the reins. You can also put a mask on him (then he is completely at your mercy and you can throw him a ball and tell him to fetch it, like you would with a dog). You can also teach him to sit up and beg like a dog, to eat from a dog's bowl (remember: dog food is not harmful to man though it is not recommended for bowel movements). You could also have him imitate a bird and whistle a trill whilst flapping his arms like a bird flying. Tie him up a bit, in such a way that he can get out of it - but set a time limit. Another game is to put twelve whips or riding crops which you have numbered on the table and have your slave use his mouth to roll the dice. The points scored indicate which whip or crop to use... he then throws the dice again and doubles the score to give you the number of lashes he is to receive. You can combine a dice game with loads of silly, saucy or degrading tasks which will amuse you. Vary the pleasures: hide an object and let the slave look for it, all tied up in ropes and chains, asking «Am I getting warmer?» But every time he asks, he gets six of the best, for example. Have him play table tennis with you - he is stark naked with a weight hanging from his balls or his cock. Make the match take a while... Put your slave in the following position: bent over the back of a chair, bum bare (ideal for a good spanking) and you shoot at him with a small-calibre air pistol loaded with rubber, wood or plastic pellets. Plan for maximum safety - for example, don't use him as a dartboard.

We're certain that you have already played this sort of game yourselves. There's no end of them. And you're sure to have experiences, ideas and suggestions. Write to us about them. Don't delay - let our readers eat of the fruit of your experiences.

SLAVE HEART AND SOUL

You will have noticed that our «Manual for slaves» is just as instructive for dominants -because there's nothing worse than running out of ideas in mid-session... From then on, you run the risk of boredom or, worse, breaking off the session because something has been a flop. Don't forget that even Mistresses are human. Any of us can have moments when we feel tired, listless or vaguely melancholic.

The comfort and relaxation of a Mistress are the fundamental considerations and the slave is the person best placed to see to it that she has everything she wants or needs. A slave must always be ready to serve her, he shouldn't wait until he is ordered to do so, he should anticipate the wishes of his Mistress. A slave should help his Mistress get dressed or undressed (wearing gloves, of course). Doing her hair, painting her fingernails and toenails. Accompanying her to the toilet, where his tongue can serve as toilet paper. Give Her gentle massages. This requires a certain amount of training for the slave: rubber or surgical gloves are de rigueur. And, so as to suppress any excitement during the massage, the slave should have his cock tied down with a thong or any other means of immobilizing it. Some Mistresses adore a particular oil: it's up to the slave to inquire about Her preference and to equip himself with some. Having your feet licked by the slave is

also divine: make him lie down on the floor to do it. Amusing, too: tie a rope around his testicles, run it underneath and behind him and fix it to the wall. Position yourself opposite him, just far enough away from that it's really difficult for him to reach you with his tongue. If you want to come, you the Mistress, make yourself comfortable: with your legs simply resting on his shoulders or else put his head in a scissors grip. Take advantage of your moment of supreme pleasure to give him a few good lashes with the whip. If you tie a piece of string around his testicles you can use it to indicate the rhythm for him to adopt. Insist on him going faster or slower. Don't talk too much, but make him realize that you are granting him a great honour. A slave does not have the right to come, unless his Mistress orders him to or unless it's accompanied by great pain. Don't forget that a Mistress is untouchable (unless she wants it).

THE EQUIPMENT

Every dominatrix needs some equipment. With a little bit of imagination you can find some very erotic things in your kitchen or your sitting room. Did you know that a hairbrush can be very useful for administering a spanking? Likewise the dog's lead - and don't forget: a nylon stocking is great for tying someone up. However, we give below a small list of things which you should always have to hand: mask (can be a scarf or a piece of black cloth etc), gag (such as table tennis balls or small rubber balls), cuffs (not expensive but very useful), nylon rope (2 or 3 yards ought to be enough), whip and riding crop, a small vibrator and nipple clamps.

If the slave has any imagination, he can make some very interesting utensils himself - but only after having asked his Mistress and only after having got her permission. His Mistress might then express her satisfaction by punishing him severely.

At any rate, never forget that domination is above all psychological. You, the Mistress, must ensure that your slave satisfies you, not by means of infantile games but by a turn of mind which will bring you peace and serenity.

THE SESSIONS

Sessions very often take place in front of large wall mirrors. Both Mistress and slave get excited when they see themselves in action. Sometimes the mirrors can be considered useful inasmuch as they further increase the sense of ridicule already felt by the slave. However, even without having a dungeon available, you very probably already have quite a lot of SM material. Have you thought about glass paper, which you can use to rub your slave's skin? About the wax of slow-burning candles (preferably white)? When you use them, remember to keep a certain distance between the flame and your subject. The wax is hot, but doesn't cause burns or leave any other marks. Spread it all over your slave's body, preferably shaved (it's one helluva job to get wax out of hair!!! A small comb can be useful). Take an egg and use it as a gag: it's just big enough to stop any talking - and the slave might break it. The slave's humiliation is very psychological and is quite distinct from any notion of violence. Imagine the effect of a banana thrown into the toilet: your slave, masked, must fish around in it with his hands and then smear everything he finds there all over his face and body... The humiliation, we think, will be all the more for him believing as he will that he has got hold of something completely different. Slipping a short piece of spaghetti covered in soil into his mouth - but telling him that it is an earthworm - will be quite humiliating, too.

Put aside some time in each session for the partners to relax. Use the time to have a foot massage or to have him tell you a story, indeed even to have yourself served champagne or just a cup of coffee. If you want to get changed, use him as a clothes rack, put your stockings and suspenders on his head. Always blindfold him

because a slave is not worthy of seeing even the tiniest bit of you naked.

Lots of male slaves love to cross-dress. It's up to you, Mistress, to broach the subject with him. Do so when he is stark naked and tied up. Mention that you would like to see him dressed up as a woman or as a little girl. Make it clear that it would give you great pleasure and he'll flip! He'll flip out completely when he lives out what is perhaps his oldest fantasy. Lots of men have fantasized about a suspender-belt or about a skirt and what's underneath it... Several sessions must be devoted to harmonizing the «services»: the slave satisfying the slightest wish of his Mistress, offering her champagne, doing her washing-up, her washing, her housework etc. Do not, however, ridicule him too much - but don't be too sparing either. Give him a few good spankings whilst he's performing these services.

If you are a slave reading these lines, remember never to contradict your Mistress. Obey, be a doormat, don't contradict her. From time to time you can raise the odd objection - but not too many. Respect her authority and leave her enough scope for punishing you. Look for things to be punished for, it will do you a world of good. Thank her after each punishment and beg her to let you suffer others. For both partners, Mistress and slave: don't forget to have a little chat before each session. From this dialogue will flow, physically and psychologically, an unbearable bliss, a feeling of well-being in body and mind. We'll meet again in three months for more advice. Write to us and tell us about your experiences! Thanks in advance!

Jürgen Boedt



THE SWITCH

by
Michelle Wilson

The letters I get from time to time and especially the stories are a reflection of your life, important or derisive, simple or complex, sad or completely out of this world. But the most important is the fact that you express yourself. These pages, pictures, drawings, and of course the stories are yours, fill them with your exhaustively, your delicious delights, and let them sparkle with fantasy.

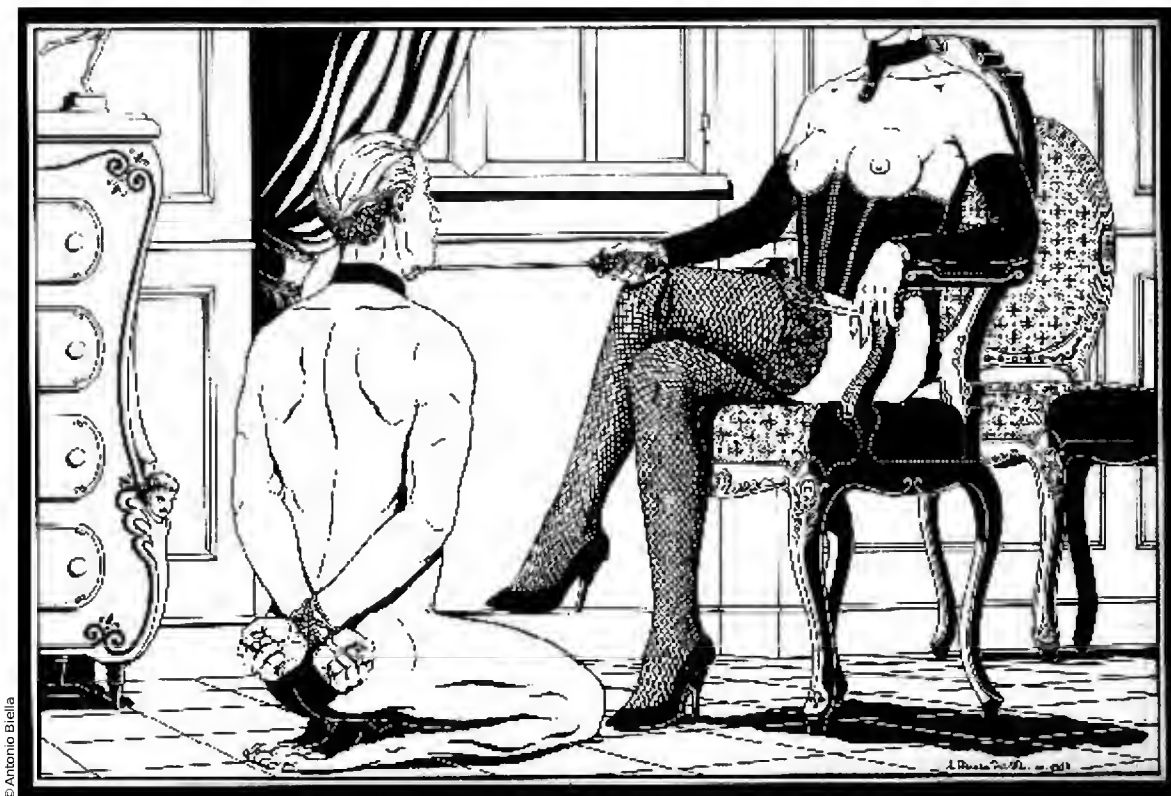
Jürgen Boedt

Will he be as graceful a slave as he is master?

You awaken from a deep sleep. You look sweet and rumpled. Looking down, you smile at me. You sigh as I begin kissing and caressing your cock. This is how you like me to wake you each morning. With slow, deep kisses I smooth and embrace your shaft with my mouth. I take you into my throat. My hands are at the base of your penis. My fingers slip down to your heavy balls, cupping them gently as I let your perfect erection slide from my mouth. I drop down to kiss your inner thighs, loving the taste of your sweet body. You start to bring your arms down. I know what you expect to do; you will take handfuls of my hair and get a good grip, then sink back in ecstasy as I continue to pay homage to your manhood. But today is different. Today you find you cannot move your wrists.

You look above your head in alarm and surprise. You see you are tied to the bedposts with sheer nylon stockings. Your wrists are tied very securely, just as you have done to me more times than I can count.

'«What the!» you exclaim in disbelief. I sit back on my haunches, back straight, knees apart as you have taught me. But my head is not bowed. I look you straight in the face and smile and say, «Relax darling. It is your turn today. Today I will love you as a mistress and you must accept me as such. You really have no choice.» You say nothing. I can see you quickly sizing up the situation. I know you must be stunned at my aggressiveness. I am usually the model submissive. What could have gotten into me? I see you choosing to accept it. We both know this is a secret fantasy of yours. You lie back, smiling slightly. Still you have



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not spoken. I lean forward and continue my caresses. I too say nothing, but inside I am in a whirl. I can't believe I have done this! Oh, I have thought of doing it many times before. When you have had me shackled in some particularly uncomfortable position for hours at a time, left hanging or contorted and bound while you had your way with me or abandoned me all together. At those moments I would think, one day I will turn the tables. One day, just for a while, he will feel the taste of my power. He will sweat under my discipline. Will he be as graceful a slave as he is master? Well, today I have done it. I have a feeling you are not entirely displeased. Now we shall see what sort of grace you have under pressure.

I continue kissing and sucking your cock, but not quite so gently. I grab your balls and squeeze, just a bit too much for comfort. You moan very softly but otherwise give no indication that you might be suffering. I slap your erection and it bobs in front of me, glistening at the tip. I can't help but smile - I see that your body is responding, even if your mind is resistant to this new role. Again I slap your penis, harder this time. You jerk a bit and cry out. I cover it in kisses then, afraid suddenly that I have hurt you. I see a slight smirk on your face then. It inflames me. You think you know me so well, that I cannot possibly be dominant, that I cannot control a scene without dissolving into a loving embrace at the moment any discomfort is displayed.

Well, I take your expression as a challenge. On the night table is a long thin red silk scarf that you have used on me on many occasions. Taking it, I draw near to your face and tie it around your head, covering your eyes. I know you can smell the scent of me on it, my perfume, my sweat, my fear, my desires. You lay back compliantly. I push your

legs up so your knees are bent and your legs fall open, feet remaining flat on the bed, just as you have trained me to do. I take out a small silver dildo from the drawer and lick it. Then, without any warning, I shove it into your ass. «Unghhh!» you gasp. I watch you struggle to accept it. You do well. I am impressed. I lower your legs now and resume my crouch over your sweet and still very hard penis. I kiss and fondle you with vigour, stopping every few seconds to whack the shaft, or squeeze your balls. The slapping sounds echo in the silence.

«Now, you mustn't come until I tell you, do you understand?»

You say nothing. I reach up and slap your face.

You jerk and twist your head but you whisper, «Yes.»

Ah. I feel victorious. The thrill of power is rushing through me like nothing I've ever experienced. You are mine. I own you. I continue to pump you, to tease you, to whack you and kiss you and confuse you. I know what it must be like for you now. The rush of blood, the rising tide of approaching orgasm, the shock of pain, the ache of unrequited desire. I am in a dance all around you now. You are becoming raw sensation, plain sexual need, sweating and moaning and writhing before me in your splendour. I am moved by your beauty and your position. My blood is boiling. I understand at last what it is to control. I gently kiss and suckle your shaft and feel that lovely tension build inside you as your body prepares to spill its seed.

«Don't come,» I command, even as my fingers and mouth will you to do so. You hold on and on but finally can take it no longer. You spurt and arch your body, crying out as you do so. I am pleased but feign anger. «You have directly disobeyed me! « I shout. «You must be punished.» With that I lightly whip your spent but still hard penis with the same little leather crop that regularly tortures my poor pussy. I whip your cock, your balls, your thighs. You are sweating and writhing but remain silent. I take pity and stop. I drop over you and kiss away the pain. Then I wash you gently with cool cloths and anoint your skin with soft sweet smelling oils. Still bound, you fall into a sleep.

Now I wonder what to do. I know I must untie you. But now what will happen? Will you get your revenge? Or will you be pleased I took you up on the hints; will you assume I was only obeying your will.

After releasing you, while you still sleep and dream, I go out into the garden. The wild flowers are lovely - all bright oranges and yellows mixed with muted pinks and lavenders. I find my favourite spot, a little smooth stone bench under our large shade tree. The wind is blowing gently, wafting the perfume from the flowers all around me. All is peaceful....I must have fallen asleep. Suddenly I am



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jerked up by my hair and waist. My eyes fly open in shock. It is you, of course, standing there looking down at me, a sneer to your lips, fire in your eyes. Without a word you lift me and throw me over your shoulder. My sheer cotton dress flips over my head as you stride into the house. On the way up the stairs you pull down my panties to my knees and begin whacking my bottom. You are not playing. It is not gentle. It is hard and it hurts! Tears spring to my eyes and I can't help but shriek. I knew I would pay but I had put off thinking of it.

You kick the bedroom door open, stride in and throw me onto the bed. I land in a heap. You at once grab my ankles and hoist me up, quickly attaching my legs to the spreader bar you have already hung on the ever waiting hooks above the bed. You pull the little pulley mechanism you have installed until I am lifted up by the bar so high my head barely touches the bed. You grab my wrists and arms and pull them up to the bar as well, attaching them to the cuffs just next to the ankle cuffs. I am bent in half. You haven't even removed my dress. You take a hold of the fabric now and rip it from me. I am terrified. You have never been this rough with me.

«Please!» I cry.

«Silence,» you command, «Or I will gag you as well!» Before I can compose myself, I hear the whistle of the whip just before the lash lands on my ass. Oh! It is terrible. I cry out. Again the whoosh of the whip and my scream echoing it. This time it lands on my back. The pain slices me in two. Three more times you do this. I feel the blood leaving my head as I grow dizzy from the pain and my own perverse lust. I know I am fainting. The world is dissolving and the ringing in my ears drowns out my own cries.

It is dark. I am naked, uncovered, on my tummy. I become aware of the ache, of the welts criss crossed over my back. You have truly beaten me. You had never done that before.

I begin crying softly. You were displeased then by the morning's 'game'. At once I feel your arms encircle me. You have been here the whole time. You kiss me along the lines of the welts. Your finger traces one very gently. You have marked me. You gently lift me and cradle me in your arms. «You took your punishment well. All is forgiven. I am not displeased. I love you.» I feel relief and joy flood into me and realize I had forgotten to breathe for several seconds as I awaited your pronouncement. I am so happy now, here in your arms. I hope you will always keep me, for surely I am yours forever.

Micelle Wilson



A ntonio B iella

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RUBBERELLA

© JOSEF VAN HOUTMEER



RUBBERELLA

By Remy Chevalier

The limo drives up the dock. The chauffeur gets out and opens the back door. Black rubber fuck me pumps spike the ground: «Gimme a minute, OK?» More lipstick, straighten those eyelashes, Loosen that G-string getting stuck up her butt, and slip on that raincoat. Out comes a wonder, cigarette holder at the tip of her nails: «Show me the way!». A masculine hand drags her back in and slams the door. He was losing patience: «you know the drill, anything gets out of hand, I'm here, just yell, the bug will hear. Zora you know where to put it?» She smiles: «Anywhere that sticks! Hey Ymer, who is he anyway? What's so special about him? He tips the corner of his hat and looks hersquare in the face: «He's Malaysia's rubberking, he's the man behind the scene. He's got a really bad reputation for making girls like you disappear. But we're pros, do your thing, and tomorrow you'll each be \$300,000 richer!»,...»And you'll get your 30%...».»So you can stay pretty my lovely, now scram!

The door opens again. The chauffeur's not kind. All three women brush him aside. Ymer smiles and sits back with some earphones. Our three blind mice walk the plank to the yacht, an old wood veneer relic from the 30's, about 180 feet long, looking white and wonderful in the Palm Beach moonlight. An Asian woman greets them one by one and leads them to the salon: Wait here, take off your clothes, and don't make yourself comfortable. You! Come with me!» Pointing at Zora who was trying to find a place to stick her bugged gum. Under the Leather sofa will do. There, it's done: «What do you have in store for me?. «A bath my dear, just a bath...»

Zora is brought to an amazing bathroom with gold faucets, thekind you save first if the boat sinks. The tub was filled with black liquid. «I must shave you first, from head to toe, shouldn't take a minute... She patiently lets herself be tended like a sheep. Now bald like a monk, two muscular bodyguards slowly lower her hairless body into the mix. The oriental woman puts a tube in her mouth, nose plugs up her nose, and Zora vanishes under the surface. After what seemed like an eternity she is gently pulled back, plated in black latex like a bar of chocolate. Escorted to the main lounge, dripping wet, she is propped dry on a special stand spreading her arms and legs apart. The two blondes sit naked at the diner table, waiting. Candlelight illuminates the room, reflections of city lights dance on the water. Soft industrial sounds play on the speakers.

The master of ceremony enters, so vain, a young man, sly and Armani clad. But his slanted eyes give away the violence. He doesn't waste time. His henchman grab one of the girls by the neck and slams her torso in an empty plate. She's frozen by the surprise. The other starts crying. No one can hear you scream, the ship has a sonic shield.» Zora knew Ymer would be there in three seconds to save

them. But it was too late for her companion. The tycoon sliced a breast. yukky yellow sludge oozed from the exposed ribs. «These aren't real ! I asked for real Goddam it!!! Get rid of this bitch». One shot in the head, she's dead. Petrified and helpless, the other girl suffers the same fate, fainting from shock. The tit is flesh. He holds it in his hand, squeezing it like a beating heart and takes a bite, savouring the delight.

Zora knows if she moves a muscle and rips the latex before it sets she'll be discarded like the rest. He walks up to her, his mouth dripping blood and licks the side of her chest: «You're dry my dear. Knife in hand, he kneels and gently wiggles the blade between her legs, making a slit where his cock slips in. Zora Plays the game, mortified Ymer hasn't crashed the party as he always did, before things got ugly. This could be her last fling.

«Sir, the phone, it's critical!» He knew his lady maid wouldn't bother him at a time like this if it wasn't urgent. He forced, rushed and came, throwing Zora in the arms of his men. «Get rid of this. Throw her overboard.» The limp body went over the rail. Surprised and thrilled she was still alive, Zora gathered her wits, swam to shore and climbed the peer. She grabbed a flagpole from a speedboat then snuck towards the car, her dark rubber figure invisible in the night. She coiled up like a snake and jammed the chauffeur in the eye through the window thanking the Gods the broken glass wasn't bulletproof.

Ymer's smile was gone. He was laying dead on the back seat with a little red hole in his forehead. She puts on the earphones: Hydrogen Chloride is a recombinant fuel. It's molecular structure snaps back into place after ignition like a rubber band. You could get 40.000 miles to the gallon! The Illumati knows. What do you want from me? We have the entire future of Hong Kong to consider. We can't let mainland China get hold of these secrets. It would be the end of the Trilateral arrangements.» «Sir, there's a bug on board, the sweep detector just went off». «The pimp, his girls, was he taken care of? Go check his clothes!»

Zora goes into Ymer's vest and grabs the recorder, kicks the chauffeur out the door and slams into drive, flying out the gate as goons run in the rear-view mirror. She rips the latex off her face and vows revenge. The ship is already speeding from the harbour towards international waters. He's on deck caressing the rubber slipper she left behind in the cabin, She's a sloppy loose end nobody will remember.

And so begin the adventures of Rubberella...



Michele Serchuk

Photography

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CONTACT SECTION

Photos for sale: Hot, horny Canadian girl, 19, has erotic photos for sale. (Canada) Box: int13/154

She-male slave girl: Very blond attractive sexy, single Belgian she-male slave, 32, is looking to meet a highclass severe and dominant couple or Mistress to serve as a servant or secretary in an enterprise. I possess an economic university degree. Pers. interest: sexy clothes, pvc, rubber, leather and bondage. Do write me it's worth while. (Europa - North America- Box: int13/155

Rubber boots: Shapely, white, 34 of European descent professional male (beginner). Leather, vinyl and rubber freak is looking for fun in SM/BD. I'm seeking women for mutual pleasure who will wear shiny rubber boots and take care of my needs. (Phoenix - USA) Box: int13/156

Submissive: Depilated, ringed, obedient male, 40, 5ft 10inch tall, smallish build, brown hair, bleu eyes. Interests B&D, genital restraint, CP & pony slave, seeks slim dominant, commanding, depilated & ringed Mistress (non fee seeking) Please for SM relationship. (23- 55) Ala. U/D Photo if possible. No time wasters please. (Sussex England) Box: int13/157

Spanking: Young, beautiful, blonde lady in Usa seeking others who love to spank or be spanked!! Over the knee is my favorite position. Replies in English please. My name is Jennifer. (all over the world) Box: int13/158

Mistress with Secret: Long-time highly successful professional dominatrix is, unknown to my hundreds of clients, a she-male; likes being submissive. Seeks to settle down with over 1 USA man for middle-aged fetish life together. Photo please. Box: int13/159

Lifetime comittment: German wimp male, 43, very goodlooking, well off, but very submissive, docile and workminded (house, garden, personal duties) seeks permanent position as live-in slave, housekeeper, maid in a dominant lady's or couple's house. Ready to wear feminine attire or uniform and to life in chastity as to comply with all your conditions. (Anywhere) Box: int13/160

Obedient slave-male: Mature white male slave seeks in Los Angeles area, Dominatrix to obey and serve. Long term relationship preferred. Will submit to spankings, torture, permanent chastity, etc. Box: int13/161

Long term control: Beautiful, refined Lady, well versed in sophisticated techniques for the physical and psychological control of submissive men seeks one handsome,

successful, docile man for long term relationship. I'm accustomed to the very best in everything, do not disappoint me. (international) Box: int13/162

Stern Black Master: I'm 39, single seeks totally submissive masochists who are loyal, self-supporting and able to travel to me. Attractive obedient white, black or Asian female slaves send photo and letter. (USA) Box: int13/163

Slave-boy: Attractive, genuine submissive white man, 30's, unattached, would love to lose himself to a strong-willed woman. Would accept any systematic subjugation on her terms. Adore black women, but dominance is far more important to me. (London) Box: int13/164

Naughty slave: Experienced and attractive single blond male slave (32, 1,77m, 75kg, is looking for an attractive sub/dom lady for harmonious relationship. Photo = answer. Bimbos don't bother. (Finland) Box: int13/165

Hard whipping: English/French speaking couple (medical doctor and lawyer). She is dominant and likes to whip men hard on the buttocks, he is masochist and very resistant. They enjoy rubber, leather and fantasy scenes. They are looking for similar couples to share experience and SM scenes without risks. Accomodation in their home is possible and they are willing to travel all over Europe. Please send your personal details and phone number to P.O.Box 942, Centre Monnaie, 1000 Brussels 1, Belgium.

Hairy women wanted: I'm looking for nice, hairy, large, kind, broadminded, down to Earth type woman to share life and pleasures with Middle-aged, hardworking, divorced, tall and generous gentleman. Must love to wear soft Mohair or Angora garments and be cuddly and sweet. Please write to me with explicit photo and expenses will be reimbursed. (Canada) Box: int13/166

Submissive TV desiring slavery: Healthy and athletic 32 years, old Desert Storm veteran, interested in serving as a full-time TV slave. Dark blond hair and blond eyes with a smooth slender build. Able to travel world-wide to serve as female slave. Would also be interested in returning to the "middle east" and being "veiled". (USA- World) Box: int13/167

Calling Black, Asian or Native American: Dominant white male, 34, attractive, slim, seeks friendship with non-smoking black, Asian or visiting native American females. Either submissive or dominant. Bi welcome, photo please. (Southern England) Box: int13/168

Friendship Wanted: slender, female to build future. You need love, discipline, trust, change and understanding. Worldwide contact, but must want to visit/live in Florida. Under 32. I'm American, male, 49, 1,78m, 82kg. White with brown eyes/hair. Correspond. first. I'm also a collector of S/M videos. Want to trade tapes? Box: int13/169

Holidays in Portugal: Submissive male, 27, invites one, or two dominating, clean and good-looking young woman for a free holiday in Portugal. I'm looking for a good time with a dominant but kind and caring woman, or for a long term relationship. I enjoy bondage, domination, role play, and pretty woman in rubber, pvc, leather, sexy lingerie, etc. (World) Box: int13/170

Pen-pals and play-mates: Swedish journalist and author, 24, is looking for serious women and men who can teach me more about the Swedish and Northern S/M scene, since I'm a beginner with a great interest in bondage, slave and mistress play. Penpals and playmates are desperately seeked. (Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Finland, Iceland) Box: int13/171

Sub male, will travel 65 year young submissive gentleman is looking for a severe dominant female between ca 35 and 50 to further his training to becoming the perfect slave to womankind. He is in badly need of whiptraining, he has the necessary equipment, but lacks the hands administering same, also different gifts in the form of showers of various colour and other SM treatment will be highly appreciated. Ad is seriously meant and all will be answered. (England, Holland, Belgium and Northern region of Germany) Box: int13/172

Your guardian: American man, 50, 1,78m, 87kg, brown eyes/hair. It's time to build a new life, join me. You are single, female, slender and need a guide to explore your submissive side. Build with me. I'm your guardian. The right girl will always be happy. Photo??? I also trade video's. (Worldwide) Box: int13/173

Dominant authoress seeks one to one relationship with enthusiastic male, experience unnecessary, unpublished manuscripts for disposal to discerning males only. Large SAE. (England) Box: int13/174

Foot Fetishist: Brazilian with Medit. looks is a moderate foot fetishist into tickling. I'm poluglo, graduated, 36, 180, 93 and very romantic and sincere. I'm looking for truly like minded soul mate, intel. orientated male (30's) preferable, tall, blond, strong, bleu eyed, for a serious friend/companion/partner/relationship. No drugs, no

prostitution, no fooling around! Box: int13/175

Bondage and more: Open minded, attractive, dominant man (26) from Austria seeks correspondence (+more?) with devout. woman to explore our fantasies. Write in German or English. (Europe) Box: int13/176
Greek Instructor I'm an aggressive and powerful master, 35 and seeking a few select submissive females to add to stable. I'm accepting application for well off subjects which must include explicit letter, CV, slave name and revealing photo. Your desire to please my every whim is important. You should be well off financially in order to travel through Europe. Box: int13/177

Searching for bondage fans: I am a 35 years white male and searching for bondage fans, especially woman. Write to me, let's swap idea's, video's, books, or write and exchange idea's. (worldwide) Box: int13/178

Dominatrix: Very beautiful and enthusiastic Dominatrix is fed up with the club scene in London that does not really cater for the requirements of true Fem-Dom. I wish to establish my own cult, which will meet regularly in central London in appropriate surroundings and atmosphere. Sub males may apply and will need to complete initial preparation via postal training initially to establish commitment and sincerity. Interested Females and lifestyle couples very welcome. SAE ALA. (worldwide) Box: int13/179

No perversion is taboo Very exotic brown skinned Mistress seeks male and female subs to obey and adore. Couples welcome. No perversion is taboo for this take in charge woman. I will take you, tame you, then change you into what I want you to be. TV's also invited. No in mates. SEAE please. (USA) Box: int13/180





Body Jewellery

Lingerie

Corsets

High Heels

Rubber

Leather

Boutique Minit,
60 Galerie du Centre,
1000 Brussels, Belgium
Tel: 32.2.223.09.14 - Fax: 32.2.223.10.09